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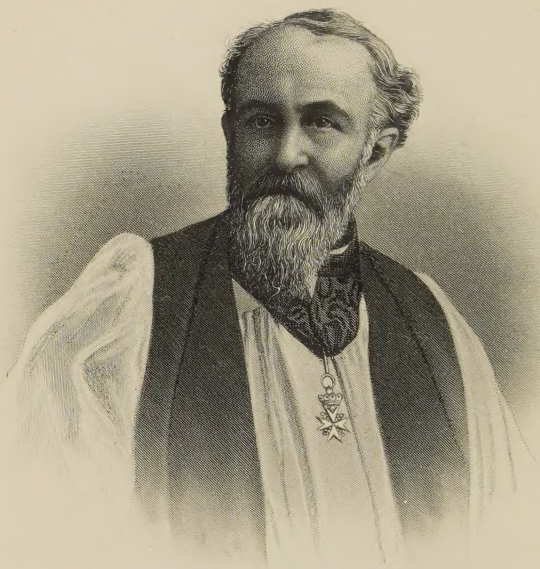


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DOCTOR QUINTARD

CHAPLAIN C.S.A.
AND
SECOND BISHOP OF TENNESSEE

BEING HIS STORY OF THE WAR
(1861-1865)

EDITED AND EXTENDED
BY THE
REV. ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL

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in the Diocese of Tennessee," etc.*

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TO
THE FRIENDS AND COMRADES OF
DOCTOR QUINTARD
IN THE ARMY OF THE CONFEDERACY
AND IN THE CHURCH MILITANT
THESE MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE IN WAR TIMES —
EXTENDED TO INCLUDE AN ACCOUNT OF HIS WORK
FOR THE UPBUILDING OF THE CHURCH IN TENNESSEE
AND FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN
THE SOUTH — ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

PREFACE

THE chapters of this volume containing the Memoirs of the war were written by Bishop Quintard about the year 1896 and are to be read with that date in mind. The work of the editor thereon has been devoted to bringing them into conformity with a plan agreed upon in personal interviews with Bishop Quintard about that time.

In the first and in the last two chapters of the book the editor has drawn freely, even to the extent of transcribing entire sentences and paragraphs, upon the Bishop's own addresses in the Diocesan Journals of Tennessee; upon Memorial Addresses by his successor, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gailor; upon material used in some of the chapters of the Editor's "History of the Church in the Diocese of Tennessee;" and upon documents preserved in the archives of The University of the South.

Thanks are due to the Rev. Bartow B. Ramage, the Rev. Rowland Hale and Mr. George E. Purvis, among others, for valuable assistance in the original preparation of the Memoirs.

A. H. N.

*Sewanee, Tennessee,
May, 1905.*

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DOCTOR QUINTARD

CHAPLAIN C.S.A

AND SECOND BISHOP OF TENNESSEE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

WRITERS upon the late Civil War have never done full justice to the high religious character of the majority of those who composed the Confederate government and its army, and the high religious principles which inspired them. Not only was the conviction of conscience clear in the Southern soldiers, that they were right in waging war against the Federal government, but the people of the South looked upon their cause as a holy one, and their conduct of affairs, civil and military, was wholly in accord with such a view. The Confederacy, as it came into existence, committed its civil affairs, by deliberate choice, to men, not only of approved morality, but of approved religious character as well. It was not merely by accident, that, in the organization of its army, choice was made of such men as Robert E. Lee and Thomas J. Jackson,—not to mention a large number of other Christian soldiers,—as leaders. And it seemed in no way incongruous in the conduct of a war of such a character, that commissions were offered to and accepted by the Rev. William Nelson Pendleton, Rector of Grace Church, Lexington, Virginia, and the Rt. Rev. Leonidas Polk, D.D., Bishop of Louisiana.

A religious tone pervades the state papers pertaining to the Confederacy,—its proclamations, and its legislation. The same religious tone is conspicuous

in a majority of the military leaders. It is found upon investigation to have impressed itself upon the officers of regiments and companies and upon the private soldiers in the ranks throughout the whole army. So that there is more than an ordinary basis for the statement, surprising as such a statement may appear at first, that the armies of the Confederate States had in them a larger proportion than any other in history since those of Cromwell's nicknamed "Roundheads," of true and active Christian men.

The provision made for the spiritual needs of the men in the field was quite remarkable. In the great haste with which the Army of the Confederacy was organized, equipped and sent to the field, there might have been found abundant apology for the omission of chaplains from the official staffs. Yet there was no need for seeking such an apology, for the chaplains were not overlooked. Even imputing a love of excitement and adventure to the young men who composed in such large measure the fighting forces of the Confederacy at the first, they did not neglect to secure the services of a chaplain for each regiment which went to the seat of war. It was naturally thought that work might be found for chaplains in the hospitals, but it was early discovered that a chaplain had opportunities for efficient work at all times,—in the midst of active campaigns and when the army was in winter quarters.

Nor was their work in vain. Few religious services in times of peace equalled in attendance, in fervor or

results, those held at, or in the immediate vicinity of, encampments of the Confederate army. The camps of regiments which had been sent forth with prayer and benediction, were often the seats of earnest religious life. It is estimated that 15,000 men in the Army of Virginia alone, made some open and public profession of their allegiance to Christ during the war, and were affected in their subsequent lives by religious experiences gained in the war. And the number is especially remarkable of men in the Southern army who after the close of the war entered the sacred ministry and won distinction in their holy calling.

A study of what might be called "the religious phases" of this war history should be approached through a consideration of the chaplains of the Confederacy. They were a regimental institution, and their number might be determined by the number of regiments engaged in the war. They were, for the most part, men of brains, of a keen sense of humor, and of fidelity to what they regarded as their duty; sticking to their posts; maintaining the most friendly and intimate relations with "the boys;" ever on the look-out for opportunities to do good in any way; ready to give up their horses to some poor fellows with bare and blistered feet and to march in the column as it hurried forward; going on picket duty with their men and bivouacking with them in the pelting storm; sharing with them at all times their hardships and their dangers, gaining a remarkably wide experience during four years of army life, and

probably with it all acquiring the pleasing art of the *raconteur*.

If an individual were desired for a more particular illustration of the religious phases of Confederate war history, he might be found in the Rev. Charles Todd Quintard, M. D., of the First Tennessee Regiment, and after the war, Second Bishop of Tennessee. He not only fully conformed to the type above indicated but in some respects he surpassed it, for his knowledge of the healing art and his surgical skill were ever at the demands of his fellow soldiers. He was one of the earliest to enter the service of the Confederate army, and was probably the most widely known and the best beloved of all the chaplains.

Dr. Quintard was born in Stamford, Connecticut, on the 22nd of December, 1824. His ancestors were Huguenots who left France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and settled the country north of Manhattan Island, between Long Island Sound and the Hudson River. Those who knew Dr. Quintard at any period of his life had no difficulty in detecting his French ancestry in his personal appearance, as well as in his manner,—his vivacity and demonstrativeness. Though not a few who failed to get well acquainted with him fell into the error of supposing that some of his mannerisms were an affectation acquired in some of his visits to England subsequent to the war.

His father was Isaac Quintard, a man of wealth and education, a prominent citizen of Stamford, having

been born in the same house in which he gave his son a birthplace, and in which he died in 1883 in the ninetieth year of his age. The Doctor was a pupil at Trinity School, New York City, and took his Master's degree at Columbia College. He studied medicine with Dr. James R. Wood and Dr. Valentine Mott, and was graduated, with the degree of Doctor of Medicine, at the University of the City of New York, in 1847. After a year at Bellevue Hospital, he removed to Georgia, and began the practice of medicine at Athens in that state, where he was a parishioner of the Rev. William Bacon Stevens, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania.

In 1851 he accepted the chair of Physiology and Pathological Anatomy in the Medical College of Memphis, Tennessee, and became in that city co-editor with Dr. Ayres P. Merrill, of the "Memphis Medical Recorder." There also he formed a close friendship with Bishop Otey, and in January, 1854, he was admitted a candidate for Holy Orders. That year he appeared in the Twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Church in the Diocese of Tennessee, held in St. John's Church, Knoxville, as the lay representative of St. Paul's Church, Randolph. St. Paul's Church has since passed out of existence, and the town of Randolph no longer appears upon the map of the State of Tennessee.

Studying theology under the direction of his Bishop, he was ordered deacon in Calvary Church, Memphis, in January, 1855, and a year later was advanced to the priesthood. His diaconate was spent in mission-

ary work in Tipton County,—one of the Mississippi River counties of Tennessee. Upon his advancement to the priesthood he became rector of Calvary Church, Memphis.

In the latter part of 1856, he resigned the rectorship of his Memphis parish, and at the urgent request of Bishop Otey, accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, Nashville. He had charge also of the Church of the Holy Trinity in that city, and extended his work to Edgefield, (now East Nashville), and to the parish of St. Ann. He served the Diocese as a member of the Standing Committee, and as a clerical deputy to the General Convention meeting in Richmond, Virginia, in the Fall of 1859.

He was a man of varied and deep learning—a preacher of power and attractiveness, and ranked among the clergymen of greatest prominence and popularity in Nashville. He was of ardent temperament, affectionate disposition, and possessed personal magnetism to a remarkable degree, especially with young men, who looked up to him with an affection which is now rarely if ever shown by young men to the ministry. This, and the influence he had over young men, are illustrated by the organization in 1859 of the Rock City Guard, a militia company composed largely of the young men of Nashville. Dr. Quintard was at once elected Chaplain of that organization, and its first public parade was for the purpose of attending services in a body at the Church of the Advent at which he officiated.

His was a churchmanship of a type in those days considerably in advance of the average in the antebellum period in the South. He was clearly under the spell of the "Oxford Movement," and of the English "Tractarians," and occupied a position to which Churchmen generally in this country did not approach until ten or twenty years later. He was a "sacerdotalist,"—a pronounced "sacramentarian" at times when the highest "High" Churchmen of the country would have hesitated long before applying those terms to themselves.

To him baptism was, not "a theory and a notion," but "a gift and a power." And baptized children were to be educated, "not with a view to their becoming Christians, but because they were already Christians." Consequently he regarded Confirmation, not as "joining the Church," or as merely a ratifying and renewing of the vows and promises of Holy Baptism, and hence as something which man does for God;—but as something which God does for man,—the bestowal of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. To the preparation of candidates for Confirmation he therefore gave his most earnest attention, even to the extent of preparing "A Plain Tract on Confirmation," and (in 1861), "A Preparation for Confirmation," a manual of eighty-nine pages.

His veneration for the Church's liturgical inheritance was great, and the books of devotion he compiled and had printed for the use of soldiers during the war were drawn from the ancient sources. He

attached the utmost importance to the Holy Communion as a means of spiritual life, and throughout the war he availed himself of every opportunity of administering it to the soldiers in camp, in the way-side churches as he passed them, and in towns where he temporarily rested with the army.

With a host of friends in Nashville and vicinity, who looked up to him with love and reverence, it is not strange that Doctor Quintard should have been the choice for chaplain of those who enlisted from that city for the defence of their homes and firesides in 1861. Many of the young men of his parish enlisted in the First Tennessee regiment, of which he was elected chaplain, and feeling as he did that these young men would need his spiritual care far more than those of his parishioners who were left behind, he felt it his duty to accept the office and go with his regiment to the seat of war. Both he and his parishioners supposed that his absence would not exceed six months. He did not return to Nashville until after the collapse of the Confederacy and the surrender of Lee's army in 1865.

During those four years he gathered up a rich fund of experiences, both grave and gay. Always an accomplished *raconteur* and brilliant conversationalist, it is but natural that a wide circle of friends in different parts of the world should have begged him to commit to writing the story of the war as he saw it and as none but he could tell it, and permit its publication. About the year 1896 he consented to do this and

entered with considerable enthusiasm upon the literary task thus set for him.

It was quite characteristic of him, however, that the work as he projected it was likely to have been a laudation of the men with whom he was brought into contact during the civil strife, at the expense of the personal experiences of which his friends were more anxious to read. For Doctor Quintard was an enthusiast and an optimist. No man was ever more loyal to his friends than he. His estimate of human character was always based upon whatever good he could find in a man. Nothing was a greater delight to him in recalling the scenes of the war than to describe some deed of heroism, some noble trait of character, or some mark of friendship that was shown him by a soldier; to acknowledge some kindness shown him, or to correct some error of judgment that had been passed upon some actor in the drama of the civil war. Some of the men whom he paused to eulogize were those to whom fame had otherwise done but scant justice, and his estimate of them is in more than one instance an addition of worth to the history of the people of the Southern States.

The death of Doctor Quintard on the 15th of February, 1898, prevented the completion of the work he had begun more than two years previously; but left it in such form that it has not been entirely impossible to gratify the wishes of his friends in regard thereto, and to make a valuable contribution to the pictures of life in the Southern States during the troubled days of the Civil War.

CHAPTER II

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR AND VALLEY MOUNTAIN

WHILE rector of the Church of the Advent, Nashville, I was elected chaplain of a military company of somewhat more than local fame, known as the "Rock City Guard." This election was only a compliment shown me by the men who composed the Guard. I was not a military man nor had I any fondness for military life. So I regarded myself as chaplain only by courtesy. But on Thanksgiving day, 1860, the Rock City Guard and other military organizations of Nashville requested me to officiate at the Thanksgiving services to be held under their auspices.

The services were held in the Hall of Representatives in the State Capitol, and there was an immense congregation present. It was a time of great anxiety and the occasion was a memorable one. Rumors of approaching war were abundant, and the newspapers were filled with discussions as to the course the South would pursue in case Mr. Lincoln, then recently elected, should take his seat as President of the United States. The subject of my discourse was: "Obedience to Rulers,"—my text being: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." (Proverbs, xiv, 34.) My sermon was what might be called "a strong plea for the Union."

In December, South Carolina seceded, and on the 18th of the following April,—after a bombardment of

thirty-four hours,—Fort Sumter surrendered and the Civil War was fairly begun. President Lincoln at once called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve for ninety days and put down the insurrection in South Carolina. Tennessee being called upon for her quota, responded through her Governor, Isham G. Harris :— “Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defence of her rights or those of her Southern brethren.” This undoubtedly expressed the sentiments of the vast majority of Tennesseans, who did not favor secession and deplored war, but who were nevertheless determined to stand with the people of the South.

In the Spring of 1861, the States of Virginia, North Carolina and Arkansas, which had hitherto refused to secede, joined their fortunes to those of the already seceded states; and in June, Tennessee decided to unite with the Southern Confederacy. She was slow to draw the sword. In April, the Rock City Guard, now enlarged into a batallion, was mustered into the service of the State. Subsequently a regiment was formed, consisting of the Rock City Guard and the following companies;—The Williamson Greys, of Williamson County; The Tennessee Riflemen, and the Railroad Boys of Nashville; The Brown Guards, of Maury County; The Rutherford Rifles, of Rutherford County; and The Martin Guards, of Giles County.

This was known as the First Tennessee Regiment. The field officers elected were : Colonel George Maney

(afterwards made a Brigadier-General); Lieutenant-Colonel, T. F. Sevier; Major, A. M. Looney. Lieutenant R. B. Snowden, of Company C., was appointed Adjutant; Dr. William Nichol, Surgeon, and Dr. J. R. Buist, Assistant Surgeon.

On the 10th of July, 1861, orders were received by the regiment to repair to Virginia. Being very urgently pressed by members of the Rock City Guard and their friends in Nashville to accompany the regiment as chaplain, I resolved to do so. This, of course, made it necessary for me to break up my household. I removed my family to Georgia, left my parish in the hands of the Rev. George C. Harris, and prepared to join my regiment in Virginia.

My friend, General Washington Barrow, who had formerly been Minister to Portugal, thinking that I would have need of a weapon for my defence, sent me his old court sword, which had enjoyed a long and quiet rest,—so long, indeed, that it had become rusted in its scabbard. I remember well my first attempt to unsheath the sword. I seized the handle and pulled with might and main, but to no effect. A friend came to my assistance. I took the sword handle,—he the scabbard. We pulled and we pulled, but the sword refused to come forth. I am not aware that I ever succeeded in drawing that sword “in defence of my country.” On my departure for Virginia I left it at home.

The first battle of Bull Run was fought July 21, 1861. My cousin, Captain Thomas Edward King, of

Georgia, having been severely wounded, I went to Richmond to look after him, leaving Nashville on the 1st of August. After he had sufficiently recovered to return to his home, I joined my regiment at Valley Mountain on the 23rd of August. Some of the entries made in my pocket diary while on this trip are not devoid of interest as illustrating the condition of the Southern army and of the Southern country at this early stage of the war.

My route was through Knoxville and Bristol. At the latter place, which is on the boundary line between Tennessee and Virginia, I missed the train for Lynchburg by an hour, found all the hotels crowded, and the railroad pressed to its utmost in conveying troops.

While waiting I visited two sick men from Nashville of whom I had heard, and then strolled out to camp, a mile from the town. There I witnessed the execution of the sentence of a court-martial upon two private soldiers convicted of selling whiskey to other soldiers. The culprits were drummed around the camp, riding on rails, each with three empty bottles tied to his feet, and a label, "Ten Cents a Glass," pinned to his back.

At Lynchburg I missed connections for Richmond Saturday night and so spent a very pleasant Sunday in the former place. I found Lynchburg a very quaint old town, built on steep hills, from the foot of which the James River finds its way sluggishly to the sea. I preached at St. Paul's Church on "The Love of God."

Arriving at Richmond, I found the place so crowded that I began to think I would not be able to get even a lodging. The Spottswood and Exchange Hotels were crowded to overflowing, and I could not get the sign of a room, though I did succeed in getting some dinner at the latter house. But calling on the Rev. Mr. Peterkin, I was asked to stay with him, and had for a co-guest the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, chaplain of the Hampton Legion,—after the war a prominent educator and founder of a famous school in Charleston, S. C.

At the Rev. Mr. Peterkin's I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. William Nelson Pendleton, then a Colonel in the Confederate Army, afterwards a Major-General in command of Lee's Artillery. He had been in command of the artillery that did such execution at the battle of Manassas, and gave me a most interesting account of that fight. There was not a masked battery on the ground. His guns were within two hundred yards of the nearest of those of the enemy and within four hundred yards of those that were at the greatest distance. Yet he did not lose a man.

I learned from Mr. Peterkin where to find my wounded cousin, and with him found two other wounded soldiers. I made daily visits to the wounded during my stay in Richmond; met Bishop Atkinson; called, with the Rev. Mr. Porter, upon Mrs. Wade Hampton, who was a daughter of the Honorable George Duffie; and visited Mr. John Stewart in his

princely establishment four miles out from Richmond, where I attended services at the church built by Mr. Stewart and his brother at a cost of fourteen thousand dollars. It was at this time that I received and accepted my appointment as Chaplain in the Confederate Army.

On the Sunday I spent in the city that was shortly afterwards to become the capital of the Confederate States, I preached at St. James' Church in the morning, at the Monumental Church in the evening, and again at St. James' at night.

Another interesting incident of this visit to Richmond was in regard to the Rev. John Flavel Mines, a chaplain in the Federal army, who had been captured, released on parole, and had been for two days at the Rev. Mr. Peterkin's house, where I met him. By order of General Winder he was rearrested, and the poor fellow was quite crushed by the idea of having to go to prison. He was especially fearful of contracting consumption, of which some of his family had died. He wrote two piteous letters to me begging me to intercede on his behalf. After two efforts I succeeded in visiting him in the afterwards famous "Libby" prison, where I found him in company with the Hon. Alfred Ely, a member of Congress from Rochester, N. Y., who had been captured at Manassas. I did all I could to cheer the prisoners up. Mr. Mines subsequently renounced the ministry and accepted a colonel's commission in the Federal army. After the war he entered upon a literary career, and

wrote some charming books under the *nom de plume* of "Felix Oldboy."

On my way to my regiment I found in Staunton, Virginia, that the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was used as a hospital, and I wrote to the Editor of the Nashville "Banner" asking contributions from the citizens of Tennessee for the sick and wounded and advising the establishing of a depository at Staunton under the supervision of the Rev. James A. Latané. The citizens of Staunton made up two boxes of stores and comforts for the sick of my regiment. I preached in Staunton Sunday morning and night and left for Milboro. I went thence to Huntersville, which I reached on the 21st of August after a bit of just the toughest travel I had ever made. I found Jackson's River so swollen by rains that it was impossible to ford with the stage. The passengers mounted the horses,—two on each horse,—and forded the stream.

My travelling companion the night of this occurrence and the following day was Colonel Wheeler, Ex-Minister to Nicaragua, Vestryman in Dr. Pinckney's Church in Washington, D. C., one of the most agreeable men to take a trip with I had ever met. His wife was a daughter of Sully the artist.

We were again delayed at Back Creek, and while waiting for a chance to cross, I read "Master Humphrey's Clock," a volume found in a knapsack on Jackson's Mountain. The owner's name on the fly-leaf was "B. B. Ewing, Comp. I, 12th Miss. Reg't." The book was wet and mouldy. I finally mounted one of

the stage horses and swam the creek and so reached Gatewoods,—a delightful place,—a valley shut in on all sides by most picturesque mountains. It was twelve miles from Huntersville.

I finally reached Colonel Fulton's camp, over the worst road I ever travelled, and thence found Huntersville,—a most wretched and filthy town in those days, where there were many sick soldiers in a meeting-house, in public and private buildings and in tents. Huntersville was twenty-seven miles from Valley Mountain where our troops were stationed. I was very anxious to get on for there was a battle daily expected.

Resuming the journey in an ambulance, I had to leave it within a mile in consequence of the wretched state of the roads, and walked all day over the most horrible roads, the rain at times coming down in torrents. I felt occasionally that I must give out, but finally reached Big Springs and received a warm welcome from General Anderson, General Donelson, Colonel Fulton, Major Duval and other officers. My clothes were so wet that the water could be wrung out of them and my first care was to dry them. That done, I set out for the camp at Valley Mountain three miles distant, and reached it on the morning of Friday the 23rd of August, which happened to be the first clear day I had seen for more than a week.

The following Sunday I began my duties as chaplain, and had services in camp which were well attended. That week our scouts had a running fire

with the enemy's pickets, and one of our lieutenants captured a Federal soldier. As it was the first achievement of the kind by any of our regiment, our camp was greatly enlivened by it. About this time I was appointed Assistant Surgeon, but I did not wish to accept the office as I felt that it might separate me from my regiment. I do not remember, however, any time throughout the war, when there was any opportunity offered for me to assist the work of the surgeons that I did not do it.

One afternoon a courier arrived at Colonel Maney's headquarters with orders for the regiment to report to General Loring. While Colonel Maney was reading the order, a sudden volley of small arms resounded through the mountain, and some one, thinking the Federal forces had attacked General Lee's position, ordered the long roll beaten. This startled the camp, every man seized his gun and cartridge box, and the regiment was at once in line. For at that time the boys were all spoiling for a fight.

I well remember how good Mrs. Sullivan, the wife of an Irish private and a kind of "daughter of the regiment," drew off her shoes and gave them to a soldier who was barefoot. The boys started off for General Lee's headquarters without rations, without blankets, and many of them without coats or shoes. In this plight they reported for duty. It was altogether a false alarm. A regiment had been on picket duty and was firing off guns in order to clean them. Nevertheless it happened that the action of our boys

was in conformity to an order received regularly enough about five minutes later, requiring our regiment to take position within a very short distance of the enemy's entrenchments, and the regiment remained out in consequence from Friday morning until Sunday, in full view of the enemy.

A few days after this General Lee determined on a movement on the enemy holding a fortified position on Cheat Pass. The camp became a scene of great animation in anticipation of an important impending battle. To me it was a memorable week beginning on Monday September 8th—a week of such experiences as I had never dreamed would fall to my lot, and of such fatigues as I never imagined myself capable of enduring.

General Lee's plans were undoubtedly well and skilfully laid, but "the wisest schemes of mice and men gang aft a'glee." The plan, to my mind, was somewhat complicated inasmuch as it demanded concerted action on the part of too many commanders far removed from each other. Thus General Henry R. Jackson of Georgia, with Rust of Arkansas, was to attack the enemy at Cheat Pass where he was strongly entrenched. General Loring with Donelson was to engage the enemy at Crouch's and Huttonville and force his way up to Cheat Pass, while Anderson with his brigade was to pass over Cheat Mountain and engage the enemy in the rear.

The Rock City Guard, with the regiment, left camp at Valley Mountain on Monday, and moved to a new

camp three or four miles in advance. I remained behind for a day to care for the sick and then followed the regiment. At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning General S. R. Anderson's Brigade, consisting of Colonel Maney's regiment and two others, started on. The route was not by a road but through fields and over mountains the most precipitous, in going up which we had to wind single file along the sides and reach the top by very circuitous paths. The paths were exceedingly steep, rocky and rough, and our horses had to be taken to the rear. At one time I reached the top of the mountain and sat down for a little rest under a great boulder that projected out into the pathway. An officer in front called out to me, "Tell them that the order is to 'double quick!'" I passed the command to another officer, who turned to those behind him who were struggling up the mountain pass and called out to them, "The order is to 'double quick' back there!" Whereupon the rear of the regiment turned and rushed down the mountain. In the flight the Major was upset, and flat on his back and with heels in the air he poured forth benedictions of an unusual kind for a Presbyterian elder.

Our first night out, after I had travelled twelve miles on foot, (I had lent to a less fortunate officer the horse that had been presented to me but a few days previously), we halted at 10 o'clock. Soon after it began to rain heavily. I had been carrying the blankets of Lieutenant Joe Van Leer, who had been exceedingly kind to me throughout the march,

and when I came up to him he said, "I have a capital place where we may sleep. I'll put my blankets on the ground and we'll cover with yours, as they are heavier." So he cleaned out a hollow on the side of the mountain, and there we lay down for the night. We had my blanket and his rubber coat for a covering. Shortly after midnight a little river began running down my neck. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the basin Van Leer had scooped out was soon filled; so I spent the night as did the Georgia soldier who said that he had slept in the bed of a river with a thin sheet of water over him. This was not altogether a unique experience for me as we shall soon see.

The next morning, after breaking our fast on cold meat and "gutta percha" bread, we took up our line of march and had gone but a mile or so when we heard the fire of musketry at our left. We supposed this was by the scouts sent out by General Donelson. This day, (Wednesday), was the severest of all upon our men. We made slow progress and the march was very toilsome. We kept perfect silence, expecting every moment to come up with scouting parties of the enemy. At about three o'clock the order was passed along the line, just as one half the regiment had reached the top of the mountain, to "double-quick forward!"

The drums of the enemy were distinctly heard, and we moved as rapidly as possible, and were about an hour in descending. All the horses were left behind,

as the mountain was found so steep and rocky that it was impossible for them to go any further. We clambered down the rocks, clinging to the bushes and jumping from rock to rock, and at nine o'clock we halted for the night.

Not a word was spoken above a whisper, nor a fire lighted, although it was very cold. Van Leer arranged our blankets as on the previous night, and with much the same result. For soon after we lay down the rain came as though the windows of heaven were opened, and about eleven o'clock we were thoroughly saturated. A rivulet ran down my back and Joe and I actually lay in a pool of water all night. I thought it impossible for me to stand it, but as there was no alternative, I kept quiet and thought over all I had ever read of the benefits of hydropathy. I consoled myself with the reflection that the water-cure might relieve me of an intense pain I had suffered for some hours in my left knee,—and so it did. At the same time I would hesitate long before recommending the same treatment for every other pain in the left knee.

In the morning I was well soaked, my finger ends were corrugated and my whole body chilled through. I was very hungry also, but all I could get to eat was one tough biscuit that almost defied my most vigorous assaults. We were ordered to be on the Parkersburg Pike that day, (Thursday), at daybreak. To show how little we understood the art of war at that time, soon after we started, a well mounted horseman passed halfway down the line of the regiment without detec-

tion. He proved to be a Federal courier. Lieutenant-Colonel Sevier finally halted him and said in surprise: "Why, you're a Yankee!" To which the courier coolly replied: "I'm so thankful you found me out; I was so afraid of being shot."

The Colonel took from him a fine pair of pistols, sword, carbine and his horse, which he gave to Major Looney who was thoroughly knocked up. Half a mile further on brought us to the Parkersburg Pike, three miles and a half from Cheat Mountain Pass. The brigade was, as rapidly as possible, put in position. The First Tennessee was at the head of a column towards Cheat Pass. In about ten minutes a body of the enemy, about one hundred strong, in ambush on the opposite side of the road and only about twenty-five yards from our troops, began firing into our left, composed of the companies from Pulaski, Columbia and Murfreesboro. The enemy were completely concealed but our men stood the fire nobly. Not a man flinched. After two or three volleys had been fired, Captain Field ordered a charge and the enemy fled.

We lost two killed, two missing and sixteen wounded. We captured Lieutenant Merrill of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., attached to General Rosecrans' command. I fell into conversation with him, and found him not only a most intelligent gentleman but also a most genial and pleasant companion,—as most West Pointers are. We also captured seven privates, and left on the roadside two wounded men

of the enemy who were so disabled that they could not be moved, though we dressed their wounds and made them as comfortable as possible. The enemy lost some eight or ten killed,—how many wounded I do not know.

My first experience in actual battle was very different from what I had anticipated. I had expected an open field and a fair fight, but this bushwhacking was entirely out of my line. The balls whistled in a way that can never be appreciated by one who has not heard them. We held our position until four o'clock in the afternoon, anxiously listening for General H. R. Jackson's fire, upon which the whole movement depended; but not a gun was heard in that direction. General Donelson, however, met a party of the enemy and engaged them, killing seventeen and taking sixty-eight prisoners. He then waited for us,—of course waited in vain, and like us withdrew.

When we left the turnpike, we took with us our wounded, all but five of whom were carried on horses, the others on litters. About two miles from the highway we came to the house of a Mr. White, where we deposited seven of our wounded men and left them. The brigade halted in a meadow. After attending to the wounded, I lay down by a wheat-stack with Joe Van Leer, who made a very comfortable bed for us. At daylight I returned to the house to assist the surgeons in dressing the wounds of our men. This occupied us until nine o'clock.

The brigade in the meantime had moved forward and left us. We supposed that they had stationed a guard for our protection, but it had been neglected, and when we left, a man suggested to us that we better remove the white badges from our caps, for we might come across some scouting party of the enemy. We took his advice and in addition I took the precaution to tie a white handkerchief to a stick, and so I led the way. After winding about over the hills for a mile or so, we came upon a body of men behind a fallen tree with their guns pointed at us ready to fire. We heard the click of the locks and I instantly threw up the white flag, and this possibly saved our party from being shot down *by our own men*. It was a detachment that had been sent back for us, and as they saw us winding along without our badges, they supposed us a party of the enemy on the trail of our forces. One man was very much overcome when he found out who we were.

About a mile further on we came up with the main body of our troops, which had been halted for us by Colonel Hatton, who, on discovering that we were in the rear, ran the whole length of the column to inform General Anderson of the fact. It felt mighty good to get with the brigade again.

In less than half an hour after we left Mr. White's house, a party of the enemy was in possession there. At half past twelve word was passed along the line that the enemy were following us. Immediately a line of battle was formed, but very shortly we moved

on to get a more advantageous position. We rolled down one precipice and climbed up another and again the line of battle was formed. Then it was discovered that a small part of the enemy's forces was on its way by a route that crossed ours to reinforce Crouch's, so there was no fighting.

Friday night we camped about one mile from the place we occupied our first night out. I had no provisions, but various persons gave me what made up a tolerably good supper, to wit,—a roasting ear, a slice of bacon and a biscuit; and in the morning I found on a log a good-sized piece of fresh meat, not strikingly clean, but I sliced off a piece of it and cooked it on a long stick. The fire, I reckon, removed all impurities; and Joe Van Leer brought me half a cup of coffee and another biscuit. We rested here until seven o'clock at night, when we took up our march for Brady's Gate. At about eleven o'clock we rested for the night and had the pleasure of meeting two men from Nashville who had brought out a couple of ambulances loaded with nick-nacks for the Rock City Guard. Out of their supplies we had a comfortable breakfast, and again started for Brady's Gate and reached it at 1 p. m.

At this point the enemy had been in great numbers, —some three or four thousand. Everywhere in the woods they had erected comfortable booths and rustic benches. Our brigade took position expecting an attack, and waited until half-past six, and then once more started on our march. About eight o'clock the

rain poured down in torrents and once more we were thoroughly drenched. The brigade remained all night in an open meadow, but Colonel Sevier insisted upon my taking his horse, and so I rode forward with Major Looney and some other officers to a house half a mile further on, and Dr. Buist, Van Leer, myself and five others took up quarters for the night in a smoke-house. Unfortunately the shingles were off just over my head and the rain came through pretty freely. The next morning we started for our old camp at Valley Mountain, which we reached at eleven o'clock. It really seemed like getting home. The tents looked more than familiar,—inviting even. I rested well and ate well and felt well generally.

The march left many of our men bare-footed. Some of them made the last of the tramp in their stocking feet, and when we reached our quarters they had not even a thread to cover them. One of Captain Jack Butler's men made the remark that if the enemy took the Captain prisoner they would not believe him if he told them his rank; and when I looked at the dear fellow, ragged and barefooted, with feet cut and swollen, I thought so too. But then when I looked down at my own feet and saw my own toes peeping,—nay, rather boldly showing themselves,—as plain as the nose on my face;—and found that almost a majority of our regiment were bootless and shoeless by the hardness of the march, I realized what we had gone through.

The path by which we ascended to the top of Cheat Mountain was one which the foot of man probably never trod before. The guide said that he knew that he could cross it but did not think that the brigade could. I would not have undertaken the march, I presume, could I have foretold what it would be. I made the whole trip, with the exception of a few miles, on foot; for the morning we started out, Lieutenant John House, of Franklin, a noble fellow, was very weak from an attack of fever from which he had not entirely convalesced. I insisted upon his taking my horse and so I did not ride at all until Sunday the 15th. My horse proved a most valuable one. On our return one of the wounded men rode her down the steepest hills and she did not once miss a foot. Being raised in that region she had the faculty of adapting herself to the provender, while other Tennessee horses grew thin and became useless.

As a result of the expedition, our forces had driven in all the outposts of the enemy, made a thorough survey of all their works, had killed, wounded and captured about two hundred of their men, and all with a loss of less than thirty on our side. But the campaign in that section was abandoned and all our forces were transferred to another section.

I was very glad to believe that my labors among the soldiers as their chaplain were not all thrown away. It was very delightful to see how well our regular daily evening service in camp was attended. And I was greatly pleased to find so many of the

young men anxious to receive the Holy Communion when I celebrated on the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, the day before we started on the expedition. The whole regiment seemed devoted to me. One of the Captains told the Major that he believed every man in his company would lay down his life for me. Certainly I met nothing but kindness from officers and men. And so I was led to hope that some good would yet grow out of the seed sown in those wild mountains.

On Friday the 13th of September, General Loring was anxious to have a reconnoissance made, and assigned the duty to Major Fitzhugh Lee, son of General Robert E. Lee. Colonel J. A. Washington, a brother-in-law of General Lee and one of his personal aides, asked permission to accompany the party, which was granted. They had advanced a considerable distance when Major Lee told the Colonel that it was unsafe for them to proceed further. But the Colonel was anxious to make a thorough exploration. Major Lee, however, decided not to endanger the lives of his men by taking them along, and so halted them and rode on with Colonel Washington, accompanied by two privates.

They had not gone far when they were fired upon by a large picket guard lying in ambush by the roadside. Colonel Washington was instantly killed, being pierced by three balls through the breast. Major Lee's horse was shot under him and one of the privates also lost his horse. Major Lee escaped on Colonel Washington's horse.

A flag was sent to the Federal camp the next day by General Lee, and Colonel Washington's body was given up. The enemy offered to send it the whole distance in an ambulance, but this offer Colonel Stark, the bearer of the flag, declined.

This sad occurrence was the occasion of my first acquaintance with General Lee, the most conspicuous character in the struggle between the States. I saw him at Cheat Mountain when he had just learned of the death of Colonel Washington. He was standing with his right arm thrown over the neck of his horse, —(a blooded animal, thoroughly groomed),—and I was impressed first of all by the man's splendid physique, and then by the look of extreme sadness that pervaded his countenance. He felt the death of his relative very keenly and seemed greatly dispirited.

It was my high privilege later on to be brought in contact with this great and good man and to learn most thoroughly to appreciate his exalted character and to understand why his life is to-day an enduring inheritance of his country and of the Church of Christ. Personally he was a man of rare gifts, physical and mental. To these were added the advantages of finished culture. He was a very Bayard in manner and bearing. The habits of temperance, frugality and self-control, formed by him in youth, adhered to him through life.

CHAPTER III

PERSONAL NARRATIVE — BIG SEWELL MOUNTAIN, WINCHESTER AND ROMNEY

FROM Valley Mountain I was sent with the sick of our brigade to a place named Edrai where a number of our troops were encamped. I think it was about sixteen miles distant, but on account of the condition of the roads, I was fully three days in making the trip. I had given up my horse to Lieutenant Van Leer and I was busy each day of the march administering to the wants of the sick, several of whom died on the way. A cup of strong coffee was made for me by the sergeant in command of our escort, (we had coffee in those days, later our ingenuity was taxed to discover substitutes for it), which was the only thing that refreshed me on the march. Instead of a coffee mill, a hatchet handle was used to beat up the grains which were then boiled in a tin cup. I was a long time drinking that cup of coffee.

The last day of the journey I felt myself breaking down and determined to reach Edrai as soon as possible. Accordingly I took the middle of the road, not avoiding the holes which were abundant, and walked through slush and mud, reaching Edrai just in the gloaming. There was one brick house in the place, to which I made my way. To my delight I found there Major Looney of my regiment, who received me with great cordiality. I was so exhausted that I was obliged to support myself in my chair, and the

Major, seeing how greatly prostrated I was, gave me a large drink of brandy. It produced not the slightest effect on me, and so in fifteen minutes more he repeated the dose, and "Richard was himself again." I went out at once, borrowed a horse of a friend who was a Lieutenant in a Virginia Regiment, and rode back to meet my sick train. The next day I officiated at the burial of those who had died en route.

Shortly after this, General Lee ordered us to reinforce General John B. Floyd, who was strongly intrenched at Big Sewell Mountain, facing the Federal Army under General Rosecrans and only a mile distant. I passed through the Hot Springs on the way to Big Sewell Mountain ; and from there, making our way was very gradual, for rains had been destructive of the roads. In some places every trace of the road had been so completely washed away that no one would dream that any had ever been where were then gullies eight or ten feet or even fifteen feet deep. Fences, bridges and even houses had been washed away, farms ruined, and at White Sulphur Springs the guests had to be taken from the lower story of the hotel. Major Looney, Captain Foster and myself were detained at this point for several days, and I went back and forth to hold services and to visit the sick.

At Big Sewell Mountain I was brought into very pleasant relations with General Lee. At White Sulphur Springs, Mrs. Lee had entrusted me with a parcel to deliver to the General at my first opportu-

nity. Upon my arrival I at once called upon him and spent several hours with him in most delightful intercourse. From his headquarters we could see the whole Federal encampment. With the audacity of ignorance, I said to him: "Why, General, there are the Federals! why don't we attack them?" In his gentle voice, he replied; "Ah, it is sometimes better to wait until you are attacked."

From the camp at Big Sewell Mountain I was sent, in the latter part of October to accompany a detachment of our sick men to the hospitals at White Sulphur and Hot Springs, Virginia. When I reached the latter place, being only fifteen miles from a railroad, I determined to run down to Staunton to get, if possible, some clean clothing. My visit was timely, for a few hours after my arrival in Staunton I received by train two boxes,—one from Rome, Georgia, and one from Nashville. In the latter box were two pairs of heavy winter boots, a pair of winter pants, flannel under-clothing and a great variety of useful articles, and my wardrobe was now so generally well supplied that I could help along some who were in worse condition than I was in.

My visit to Staunton was otherwise a rich treat. Somehow or other everybody seemed to have heard of me or to know me, and all extended to me the most overflowing cordiality and hospitality. I was first the guest of the Rev. Mr. Latané and afterwards of Dr. Stribling, the Superintendent of the Insane Asylum. Mrs. Stribling and her daughter sent by me two

trunks filled with things for our regiment, and a lady met me on the street and handed me ten dollars for the use of the sick.

About the middle of November I received orders from General Loring to proceed from Huntersville to the Lewisburg line and to transport all the sick and convalescent belonging to his division to the hospitals at Warm, Hot and Bath Alum Springs. I accordingly left General Loring's headquarters one Friday at noon, and crossing the Greenbrier Bridge, six miles above Huntersville, took the road to Hillsboro, a little hamlet ten miles distant, where I spent the night very pleasantly, without charge, at the home of Mr. Baird. Thence I rode to the residence of Mr. Renick, sixteen miles, and found three of our regiment who had been sick for some weeks but were then greatly improved and glad to get away under my protection. On Sunday morning I rode five miles to the town of Frankford and my name (and fame) having preceded me, I was urged to have services in the Presbyterian Church. Of course I was very glad to do so and had a good and very attentive congregation.

At Frankford there lived a Dr. Renick who had been extremely kind to all of our Tennessee soldiers. He turned his home into a hospital and he and his wife devoted themselves most assiduously to the welfare of the sick, refusing any remuneration. I stopped at his house and at his request baptized his youngest child, a little girl about eighteen months old, born on Easter Sunday. The parents were quite unacquainted

with the ecclesiastical calendar, yet the father said : "I'm going to give her a good Episcopal name, Doctor," and so he had me give her in baptism the name of "Margaret Easter Sunday." I was glad she was not born on Quinquagesima Sunday for I might in that case have had to give her that name.

The following day I went to Lewisburg and thence to White Sulphur Springs, hoping to be in part relieved by one of the surgeons, whom I ordered to join his regiment with the sick men belonging to it. There were more than one thousand patients at White Sulphur Springs and there had been forty deaths within the past thirteen days.

I shall never forget the dinner we had in camp one Sunday about the last of November. It was the best of the season. Beef, venison, preserved peaches, raspberries and plums, rice, fine old Madeira, currant wine and many other things,—most of which had been sent by Dr. Stribling,—made a real feast quite in contrast with our usual camp fare. At that time the boys were going into winter quarters and were building very snug, roofed cabins.

One Sunday early in December, after having service in the camp near Huntersville, with a pass from General Loring to go to Richmond and return at the public charge, I started first for Staunton to look after the interests of a young man from Maury County, Tennessee, who while in a state of intoxication, killed another man by the accidental discharge of his pistol. That I arrived safely in Staunton I felt

to be a matter of special congratulation on account of the roads I had to travel. The mud was from two to three feet deep.

The young prisoner was a noble fellow to whom I had become very much attached, and was clear of any intentional wrong, I was sure. After calling upon him in Staunton and consulting with his lawyer, we concluded to engage the services of the Hon. Alexander H. Stuart, formerly Secretary of the Interior under President Fillmore, and I went to Richmond to see that eminent man. On my return to Staunton I had the trial put off until the January term of court. When it was finally held, I was called upon to testify to the good character of the accused and I am glad to say that the verdict of the jury was in the end : "not guilty."

Our regiment's stay at Big Sewell was not long. There was a good deal of marching to and fro, and Rosecrans finally escaped Lee and Jackson. From Big Sewell, General Loring, to whose division we were attached, was invited to join General Thomas J. Jackson at Winchester. There for the first time I met that distinguished General and I was very cordially received by the Rev. Mr. Meredith, the rector of the parish, and was made to feel quite at home in the rectory.

This was the beginning of a severe and disastrous campaign. The weather was bitterly cold and during the second night of our encampment a severe snow-storm arose. I can never forget the appearance of

the troops as they arose the next morning from their snowy couches. It suggested thoughts of the Resurrection morn. In spite of it all, the troops were very cheerful, and as they shook the snow from their uniforms, began singing a song, the chorus of which was :

“ So let the wide world wag as it will,
We'll be gay and happy still ! ”

After some delay we began our march against Bath on New Year's day 1862. It was one of the coldets *coldest* winters known to the oldest inhabitant. Snow, sleet and rain came down upon us in all their wrath. We had a skirmish on the march. General Jackson wished to drive the enemy's forces from the gap in Capon Mountain opposite Bath where they were posted. I begged him to allow me to bring up the First Tennessee regiment. They were some distance in the rear, but I brought them forward in short time. As they passed by in double-quick, the General said to me : “ What a splendid regiment ! ”

In his report of the engagement, General Jackson said : “ The order to drive the enemy from the hill was undertaken with a patriotic enthusiasm which entitles the First Tennessee and its commander to special praise.” It was here that Captain Bullock issued his unique command : “ Here, you boys, just separate three or four yards, and pie-root ! ” (pirouette). They did pirouette and made the enemy dance as well.

As the Federal troops retreated through the gap in the mountain, they came face to face with a brigade

of the Virginia Militia. Each fired a volley and fled as fast as legs could carry them, in opposite directions. To the boys looking down upon the scene from the mountain, it was a comical sight. As the infantry put the Federals to flight on Capon Mountain, Captain Turner Ashby drove the Federal cavalry along the highway in the valley like leaves before the wind.

We reached Romney without further obstruction. On Sunday I officiated in a church which was crowded to its utmost capacity. I shall never forget the grave attention which "Stonewall" Jackson paid to my discourse. The text from which I preached was: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

The march from Winchester to Romney was one of great hardship and was utterly fruitless of military results. The situation in our camp in the latter part of January 1862, was rather disturbed. The two Generals, Stonewall Jackson and Loring, did not work well together. Their commands were separate. Jackson commanded the Army of the Valley District; Loring the Army of the North West. The former had written begging the Secretary of War to send Loring and all his forces to co-operate with him (Jackson), in that section and expressing the opinion that the two could drive the enemy from the whole region. The Secretary of War enclosed Jackson's letter to Loring, leaving the movement to his (Loring's) discretion, but at the same time expressing his opinion and that of the President, as decidedly in favor of it.

Accordingly Loring went expecting some prompt and decided work. But no sooner had he arrived in Winchester, than General Jackson began to work to merge the two armies into one and to take General Loring's command under his control. Jackson had but one brigade, while Loring had three under his control. The troops of the latter, from the highest officer to the lowest private, were perfectly devoted to their General. Of course a vast amount of ill feeling was stirred up, and the affair reached a climax when an order was issued for our troops to build winter quarters in Romney, while Jackson's brigade marched back to ease and comfort at Winchester.

I cannot begin to tell all that our troops suffered through the stupidity and want of forethought, (as I then thought it), of Major-General Jackson. It is enough to say that we were subjected to the severest trials that human nature could endure. We left Winchester with 2,700 men in General Anderson's Brigade of Tennesseans. That number was reduced to 1,100. When we reached the position opposite the town of Hancock, Maryland, the First Regiment numbered 680. In Romney, it mustered only 230 men fit for duty. I felt that General Loring ought to demand that he might be allowed to withdraw his forces from the command of Major-General Jackson.

So far as the personal staff of General Loring (including myself) was concerned, it was comfortably situated in a very pleasant new house. But no one could possibly imagine the horrible condition of affairs

at Romney among the troops ; and when Stonewall Jackson took his command back to Winchester, the men of Loring's command shouted to them : "There go your F. F. V.'s !" The "pet lambs" of the Stonewall Brigade were comfortably housed at Winchester while the troops of Loring's command were left behind in Romney to endure the bitter, biting weather.

This movement on the part of Jackson was the subject of much bitter comment. A report thereof was taken to Richmond and laid before the Secretary of War. He was greatly surprised that Jackson should have withdrawn his forces to Winchester, leaving the reinforcing column behind,—or as it was expressed at the time, "leaving the guests,—the invited guests,—out in the cold." As a result of the controversy that ensued, General Jackson was required by the Secretary of War to direct General Loring to return with his command to Winchester. This we did on the 1st of February, and while in Winchester I was called to officiate at the funerals of a number of our men who had died from sickness and exposure. And it was while there that we received the news of the fall of Fort Donelson.

Although Jackson complied with the order of the Secretary of War, he regarded it as a case of interference with his command and took umbrage. It was by the exercise of great tact on the part of General Joseph E. Johnston, Commander-in-Chief of the Department, and of Governor John Letcher, of Vir-

ginia, that Jackson was prevailed upon to withhold his resignation, and his valuable services were preserved to the army of the Confederacy.

On the 10th of February, 1862, the First and Third Regiments, Tennessee Volunteers, with a Georgia Regiment, were by the command of the Secretary of War, ordered to proceed to Knoxville, Tennessee, and to report for duty to General Albert Sidney Johnston. A different disposition was made of the Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee Volunteers and of an Arkansas Regiment, and all the remainder of the command of Brigadier-General Loring was to proceed to Manassas, Virginia, to report for duty to General Joseph E. Johnston. It was with a sad heart that "the boys" of the First Tennessee bade farewell, on the 7th of February, to the Seventh and Fourteenth Regiments and to their warm-hearted and hospitable Virginia friends.

During the march against Romney, General Loring had me commissioned by the Secretary of War as his aide-de-camp. I was very strongly opposed to holding such a commission, and declined to accept, but I could not leave General Loring in the troubles and anxieties that distressed him, and so as a member of his staff, I travelled around considerably at that time, going from camp to camp, attending the trial of my friend at Staunton, and going to Richmond on military business. To get from Romney to Staunton on one occasion I had to take a horse-back ride of forty-three miles to Winchester, then to go by stage

eighteen miles to Strasburg, and thence by rail via Manassas and Gordonsville. This was a roundabout way but was preferable at the time to a much shorter route down the valley from Winchester.

On the 21st of February, I went with General Loring to Norfolk, to which point he had been ordered, instead, as I had hoped, to Georgia, where I would have been nearer my family. At this time he was promoted to Major-General. We went, of course, by way of Richmond where I called with him on President Jefferson Davis and was very agreeably disappointed in his personal appearance and bearing. I might have witnessed the ceremonies of his inauguration, but as the day set for that function proved very inclement, I was glad that I chose to spend it on the cars between Richmond and Norfolk. On that day General Loring had a very severe chill followed by congestion of the right lung, which was the precursor of an attack of pneumonia affecting both lungs. I watched by his bedside in Norfolk through all his illness, which prolonged my visit in that city for several weeks.

CHAPTER IV

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—NORFOLK

AT Norfolk I had the pleasure of intercourse with such friends as John Tattnall, son of Commander Tatt-nall; Benjamin Loyall and Lieutenant Walter Butt of the ironclad "Virginia," with the clergy of the city and with many charming families. How can I ever forget the old-time Virginia hospitality that was meted out to me — the enthusiastic reception I had from all kinds and conditions of men? How well I remember Mr. Tazewell Taylor! He was well up in genealogy, and not only knew all of the old families of Virginia, but the principal families of the whole South. It was quite delightful to hear him, "in the midst of war's alarums," talk over "old times" and old folks. Those days before the war were all so different from what we have known since. No one born since the war can write intelligently of the blessed old days in the South.

But if any one would read a true account of the trials and woes of a Southern household during the dreadful war-time, let him read "The Diary of a Southern Refugee During the War," written by Mrs. Judith W. McGuire for the members of her family, "who were too young to remember those days." Mrs. McGuire's book is a wonderful record of hope, joys, sorrows and trials, and of the way in which, amid it all, the faithful women of the South cheered the hearts of the heroes in the field.

One Sunday in March I preached a sermon at St. Paul's Church, (old St. Paul's, built in 1739,) exhorting the people to the work before them, reminding them that in the conflict in which we were engaged, not only the rights of our people and the glory of our nation, but the Church of God was imperilled. It was my "old war sermon," rearranged for Virginia. At the solicitation of clergy and people formally presented, I repeated it several times in Norfolk. On Ash Wednesday I preached again in St. Paul's to a fine congregation and was requested to repeat my sermon, which was on the Good Samaritan, the following Sunday in the same church and subsequently in Christ Church.

I met many persons of distinction in the city. General Huger, who was in command in Norfolk, called upon me. General Howell Cobb was there as Commissioner on the part of the Confederate Government to arrange with General Wood on the part of the United States, about the exchange of prisoners.

In the latter part of February, I became interested in the transformation by which the "Merrimac" became the "Virginia" of the Confederate Navy. One day I slipped off from my patient, General Loring, while he was sleeping, and went to Portsmouth to visit the wonderful craft. The part that appeared above water suggested to me a book opened at an angle of forty-five degrees and the fore edges of its cover placed on a table. At the bow was a sharp

projection by which it was expected to pierce the side of any ship it might run against.

All the machinery was below water. The roof was about thirty-eight inches in thickness, of timber very heavily plated with iron. The fore and aft guns were the heaviest, carrying shot and shell eighty-five and ninety pounds in weight. The others were very heavy also and magnificent of their kind. She carried ten guns in all. Her new steel-pointed and wrought iron shot were destined to do some terrific work. She was likely to escape injury unless struck below the water-line, and there was not much danger of that occurring as she was in a measure protected below that line also. She drew rather too much water, as Lieutenant Spotswood told me at the time of my visit.

While I was at Norfolk, the great battle between the "Virginia" and the "Monitor" and ships of war "Congress" and "Cumberland" took place. I witnessed the destruction of the "Congress" and the "Cumberland." The first days fight was on the 8th of March. By special invitation, the Rev. J. H. D. Wingfield, (who afterwards became Bishop of Northern California), celebrated the Blessed Sacrament in his church, (Trinity Church, Portsmouth), for the officers of the "Virginia" before they went into battle.

When the "Virginia" cast off her moorings at Norfolk Navy Yard and steamed down the river, the "Congress" and the "Cumberland" (frigates) had been lying for some time off Newport News. Officers

and men on the "Virginia" were taking things quietly as if they were really on an ordinary trial trip. As they drew near the "Congress," Captain Buchanan, the Commander of the "Virginia," made a brief and stirring appeal to his crew, which was answered by cheers. He then took his place by the side of the pilot near the wheel.

My friend Lieutenant J. R. Eggleston commanded the nine-inch broadside guns next abaft the engine-room hatch, and he was ordered to serve one of them with hot shot. Suddenly he saw a great ship near at hand bearing down upon the "Virginia." In a moment twenty-five solid shot and shell struck the sloping side of the "Virginia" and glanced high into the air, many of the shells exploding in their upward flight.

In reply to this broadside from the "Congress" one red hot shot and three nine-inch shells were hurled into her and the "Virginia" steamed on without pausing. Suddenly there was a jar as if the vessel had run aground. There was a cheering forward and Lieutenant Eggleston passed aft, waving his hat and crying: "We have sunk the 'Cumberland.'" She had been struck about amidship by the prow of the "Virginia," and in sinking tore the prow from the bow of her assailant and carried it down with her. The "Virginia" then moved some distance up the river in order to turn about in the narrow channel.

As soon as the "Congress" saw her terrible foe coming down upon her, she tried to escape under

sail, but ran aground in the effort. The "Virginia" took position under her stern and a few raking shots brought down her flag. Captain Porcher, in command of the Confederate ship "Beaufort," made an effort to take the officers and wounded men of the "Congress" prisoners. Two officers came on board the "Beaufort" and surrendered the "Congress." Captain Porcher asked them to get the officers and wounded men aboard his vessel as quickly as possible as he had been ordered to burn the "Congress." He was begged not to do so as there were sixty wounded men on board the "Congress," but his orders were peremptory.

While he was making every effort to move the wounded, a tremendous fire was opened on the "Beaufort" from the shore. The Federal officers begged him to hoist a white flag lest all the wounded men should be killed. The fact that the Federals were firing on a white flag flying from the mainmast of the "Congress" was brought to the attention of the Federal officers, who claimed, however, that they were powerless to stop the fire as it proceeded from a lot of volunteers who were not under the control of the officers on board the "Beaufort." The fire continuing, Captain Porcher returned it, but with little effect. He estimated the loss in the Federal fleet, in killed, drowned, wounded and missing, of nearly four hundred men. The total loss of the Confederates did not exceed sixty. Captain Buchanan and his flag-lieutenant were wounded and taken to the Naval

Hospital at Norfolk. Catesby Jones succeeded to the command of the "Virginia." About an hour before midnight the fire reached the magazine of the "Congress" and she blew up.

The next day the "Virginia" steamed out towards the "Minnesota," when the "Monitor" made her appearance. The latter came gallantly forward, and then began the first battle ever fought between iron-clads. It continued several hours, neither vessel, so far as could be ascertained at the time, inflicting by her fire any very serious damage on the other.

The "Virginia" then got ready to try what ramming would do for the "Monitor." What it did was to silence the latter forever in the presence of the "Virginia." Unfortunately, just before the "Virginia" struck the "Monitor," the former stopped her engine under the belief that the momentum of the ship would prove sufficient for the work. Had the "Virginia" kept on at full speed, she would undoubtedly have run the "Monitor" under. As it was, the latter got such a shaking up that she sought safety in shoal water whither she knew the "Virginia" could not follow her. It should be remembered that the "Virginia" drew twenty-two feet of water and was very hard to manage, whereas the "Monitor" was readily managed and drew but ten feet of water.

The following day the Rev. Mr. Wingfield was called upon to offer up prayers and thanksgiving for the victory, on board the gallant ship. It was a solemn, most impressive and affecting scene, as those

valiant men of war fell upon their knees on the deck and bowed their heads in reverence and godly fear. The weather-beaten faces of many of the brave seamen were observed to be bathed in tears and trembling with emotion under the influence of that memorable service.

After this Commodore Tattnall was placed in command of the "Virginia," and on the morning of the 11th of April the "Virginia" went down Hampton Roads with the design of engaging the enemy to the fullest extent. I received a concise cypher telegram, ("Splinters," was all it said), from my dear friend John Tattnall, son of the Commodore, and I at once set out to see what was going on. With General Loring, (who was by that time fully recovered from his illness), and quite a party of friends and officers, I went down the bay in a cockle-shell of a steamer, to witness the engagement. In order to provoke the enemy, Commodore Tattnall ordered two of his gunboats to run into the transport anchorage and cut out such of the vessels as were lying nearest the "Virginia." This was successfully done within sight of and almost within gun-shot of the "Monitor," but she could not be drawn into an engagement. Although the enemy refused to fight, the "Monitor" threw a number of shells, several of which passed over our little steamer. We deemed it, therefore, good military, (and naval) tactics to withdraw and let the contestants attend to their own business.

CHAPTER V

PERSONAL NARRATIVE — PERRYVILLE

HEARING about this time of the extreme illness of my Bishop, the Right Reverend James Hervey Otey, in Jackson, Mississippi, I left Norfolk, with considerable regret, for the society of that city I had found most charming, and my stay there had been very pleasant. I went by way of Mobile, having for my travelling companion from Montgomery, Alabama, to that city, Captain J. F. Lay, a brother of the then Bishop of Arkansas. The Captain was a member of Beauregard's staff.

General Forney was in command at Mobile and I had a very pleasant chat with him. His left arm was still almost useless from a severe wound received in the Dranesville fight. I met also the Rev. Mr. Pierce, who afterwards became Bishop of Arkansas; and Madame Le Vert, one of the most distinguished of Southern writers. I had a drive down the bay over one of the finest shell roads in the world. And on the Sunday that I spent in Mobile, I preached my "war sermon," — adapted, of course, to the people of Mobile.

I found my beloved Bishop at the residence of Mrs. George Yerger, in Jackson, and remained in attendance on him for several weeks. He was then removed from Jackson to the residence of Mrs. Johnstone at Annandale. There he enjoyed all that kindness and wealth could give. He was able to

drive out after a time, and I remember how thoroughly he enjoyed the music of the spring birds. There was one bird that he called the "wood-robin," whose notes were especially enjoyed, and the carriage was frequently stopped that he might listen to the warbling of this bird.

From Annandale I went to visit my family in Rome, Georgia, and spent some time in attendance upon the hospitals there. Then I returned to General Loring's headquarters for a brief visit to the General to whom I was warmly attached, and to make farewell visits to sundry officers and bid my old military companions a final adieu. For my intention it then was to leave the army.

General Loring's headquarters were at New River, Virginia, at a place called the Narrows, because the river gashed through Peter's Mountain, which rises abruptly from the banks on either side. The General and all the staff gave me a most cordial greeting, but the former told me that I had no business to resign and that he had kept the place open for me. If I would not be his aide he had a place for me as chaplain. But my resignation had already been accepted on the 14th of June by the Secretary of War. As soon as I had determined to resign, I forwarded to the Secretary of War a copy of my resignation to General Loring and the former had accepted it.

The General, Colonel Myer, Colonel Fitzhugh and myself, with a cavalry escort, went for a little outing to the Salt Sulphur Springs, dining on our way at the

Gray Sulphur Springs. The former place was really one of the pleasantest of all the watering places I visited in Virginia. The grounds were rolling, well laid out and very well shaded. The houses were principally of stone and capable of accommodating about four hundred guests.

There were two springs of great value there, the Salt Sulphur and the Iodine. The first possessed all the sensible properties of sulphur water in general; its odor, for instance, was very like that of a "tolerable egg," and might be perceived at some distance from the Spring; and in taste it was cousin-german to a strong solution of Epsom salts and magnesia. Like most of the sulphurous, this water was transparent and deposited a whitish sediment composed of its various saline ingredients mingled with sulphur.

The Iodine Spring was altogether remarkable and was the only one possessing similar properties in all the country round. It was peculiarly adapted to cutaneous eruptions and glandular diseases. The Salt Sulphur Spring was hemmed in on every side by mountains.

General William Wing Loring, of whom I was then taking my leave, was not only a very charming companion but he was altogether a remarkable man. A braver man never lived. He was a North Carolinian by birth, and only a few years older than myself. Yet he was already the hero of three wars—the Seminole War, the War with Mexico and that in which we were then engaged. And in 1849 he had

marched across the continent to Oregon with some United States troops as an escort for a party of gold-seekers. He had also engaged in Indian warfare and had taken part in the Utah Expedition in 1858. His frontier services in the United States Army were equalled only by those of that grand soldier, Albert Sidney Johnston. The following year, he had leave of absence from the army and visited Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land. He was in command of the Department of New Mexico in May 1861 and resigned to accept a commission as Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army.

As Major-General he served to the end of the war, leading a Division and frequently commanding a corps — always with credit to himself and to the service in which he was engaged. It was at Vicksburg, in 1863, that he received the familiar nickname of "Old Blizzard." After the war he took service with the Khedive of Egypt as General of Brigade and was decorated in 1875 with the "Imperial Order of Osmariah," and was promoted to be General of a Division. Four years later he was mustered out of the Egyptian service. In 1883 he published "A Confederate Soldier in Egypt," — a most readable book. He died in New York city three years later at the age of sixty-eight.

I officiated at his funeral in St. Augustine, Florida, on the 19th of March, 1886. The commanding General of the Army post at St. Augustine acted as one of the pall-bearers, and at the cemetery the body

was borne from the gun-carriage to the grave by three Federal and three ex-Confederate soldiers. A salute was fired at the grave by a battery of United States Artillery.

I had looked toward the Diocese of Alabama for some parochial work, but the Bishop of Alabama, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wilmer, not only could offer me no work in his jurisdiction, but strongly advised me to go back to the army as chaplain and surgeon, assuring me that there was work for me in that capacity. In June, I had a petition from my old regiment to rejoin it. I had no difficulty in getting a chaplain's commission. General Loring wrote me a strong letter, and that, with the aid of a telegram from General (and Bishop) Polk, secured it. So I returned to the Army of Tennessee at Chattanooga, and was enthusiastically received by the officers and members of my regiment; and especially by General Polk and his staff, upon which I found my dear friends Colonel Harry Yeatman, Colonel William B. Richmond and Colonel William D. Gale.

In August 1862 we advanced into Kentucky, crossing over Walden's Ridge and the Cumberland Mountains by way of Pikeville and Sparta, Tennessee. My first intention was to leave Chattanooga with General Polk and his staff, but on finding that Dr. Buist was going alone, I concluded to accompany him. So we two started off at 10 a.m. on the 28th of August, and following the route of our immense wagon train, which stretched out for miles along the

road, we supposed we were all right and knew nothing to the contrary until we reached the top of Walden's Ridge where we found General Bragg, General Buckner and Governor Harris. The Governor put us right as to our way and we had a long ride back to get into the road taken by our Brigade, which was quite different from that taken by the wagon train.

We rode until after four o'clock in the afternoon, and then stopped at a house that was crowded with soldiers and refugees. We had a bed made on the floor for us and, with many others, slept well until 1 a.m., when we started on, and after a couple of hours learned that the army had halted. We rode into camp, about thirty miles from Chattanooga, at dinner time with ravenous appetites. We were having pretty good living just then, for the country was admirably watered. A great many country women visited our camp to hear our band play.

We continued our march to Mumfordsville, Kentucky, where the Louisville and Nashville Railroad crosses Green River. There on the 16th of September, with a loss of fifty killed and wounded, we captured some four thousand prisoners with as many guns and much ammunition, besides killing and wounding seven hundred of the enemy. The Federal forces were commanded by General Wilder, since the war a most prominent citizen of Chattanooga, for whom I entertain the heartiest and most cordial regard. General Chalmers, one of General Bragg's brigadiers, was conspicuous in this fight for the gallantry and

skill with which he handled his troops. When the Federal forces surrendered on the 17th, I stood beside the road and saw them lay down their arms. Though there were but four thousand, I thought as they passed by me that the whole Federal Army had surrendered to General Bragg. The night following this battle I found a sleeping place in a graveyard.

On the 23rd of September we reached Bardstown, Kentucky, and took possession. In the meantime General Buell, leaving a strong guard at Nashville, marched to Louisville where his army was increased to fully one hundred thousand men. It was not until October and after he had reorganized his army and was in danger of being superseded in the command thereof that he began his campaign against General Bragg's forces. The latter had collected an immense train, mostly of Federal army wagons loaded with supplies. And it being clear that the two great objects of our invasion of Kentucky—the evacuation of Nashville and the inducement of Kentucky to join the Confederacy—would fail, Bragg decided only to gain time to effect a retreat with his spoils. He harassed the advance of Buell on Bardstown and Springfield, retired to Danville and thence marched to Harrodsburg to effect a juncture with General Kirby-Smith.

On the 7th of October he moved to Perryville, where on Wednesday, the 8th, a battle was fought between a portion of Bragg's army and Buell's advance, commanded by General McCook. At this

battle of Perryville our regiment captured from the Federals four twelve-pounder Napoleon brass guns, which were afterwards, by special order, presented to the battery of Maney's Brigade.

The night before the battle I shared blankets in a barnyard with General Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana. The battle began at break of day by an artillery duel, the Federal battery being commanded by Colonel Charles Carroll Parsons and the Confederates by Captain William W. Carnes. Colonel Parsons was a graduate of West Point and Captain Carnes was a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I took position upon an eminence at no great distance, commanding a fine view of the engagement, and there I watched the progress of the battle until duty called me elsewhere.

Captain Carnes managed his battery with the greatest skill, killing and wounding nearly all the officers, men and horses connected with Parsons' battery. Parsons fought with great bravery and coolness and continued fighting a single gun until the Confederate infantry advanced. The officer in command ordered Colonel Parsons to be shot down. As the muskets were leveled at him, he drew his sword and stood at "parade rest," ready to receive the fire. The Confederate Colonel was so impressed with this display of calm courage that he ordered the guns lowered, saying: "No! you shall not shoot down such a brave man!" And Colonel Parsons was allowed to walk off the field.

Subsequently I captured Colonel Parsons for the ministry of the Church in the Diocese of Tennessee. He was brevetted for his bravery at Perryville and he performed other feats of bravery in the war. At Murfreesboro he repelled six charges, much of the time under musketry fire. He was often mentioned in official reports of battles. After the war he was on frontier duty until 1868 when he returned to West Point as a Professor. Shortly after my consecration as Bishop of Tennessee, I preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, New York, on "Repentance and the Divine Life." This sermon made a deep impression upon Colonel Parsons, as he told me when I subsequently met him at a reception at the residence of the Hon. Hamilton Fish.

I visited him twice at West Point by his invitation, and a correspondence sprang up between us. In 1870 he resigned his commission in the army to enter the ministry. He studied theology with me at Memphis, and it was my privilege to ordain him to the diaconate and advance him to the priesthood. His first work was at Memphis. Then for a while he was at Cold Spring, New York. He returned, however, to Memphis and became rector of a parish of which Mr. Jefferson Davis was a member and a vestryman. He remained heroically at his post of duty during the great epidemic of yellow fever in 1878. He was stricken with the fever and died at my Episcopal residence on the 6th of September. Captain Carnes

was the first man I confirmed after my consecration to the Episcopate of Tennessee.

With the advance of Cheatham's division the battle of Perryville began in good earnest. General Cheatham was supported by General Cleburne and General Bushrod Johnson, but it was not long before the whole Confederate line from right to left was advancing steadily, driving back the enemy. It was a fierce struggle. Until nightfall the battle raged with unexampled fury,—a perfect hurricane of shell tore up the earth and scattered death on all sides, while the storm of musketry mowed down the opposing ranks. Maney's Brigade did the most brilliant fighting of the day. It was in the charge by which the Federal Battery was captured that Major-General Jackson of the Federal Army was killed.

It was shortly after noon that the battle began with a sudden crash followed by a prolonged roar. I was resting at the time in the woods, discussing questions of theology with the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cross, a Wesleyan chaplain whom I had first met on the march into Kentucky. I sprang to my horse at once and said to him: "Let us go! There will be work enough for us presently!" He mounted his horse and followed me up a hill where we paused in full view of the enemy's line. I dismounted and sat down in the shelter of a large tree, saying as I did so: "You better get off your horse! The enemy is training a battery this way and there will be a shell here in a short time!"

Scarcely were the warning words uttered than a shell struck the tree twenty feet above my head and a shower of wooden splinters fell about me. I jumped into my saddle again and rode at full speed down the hill, followed by my friend, who shouted with laughter at what he called my resemblance to an enormous bird in flight, with my long coat-skirts like wings lying horizontal on the air. When he overtook me at the creek, I said to him: "This is the place. You will remain with me and I shall give you something more serious to do than laughing at a flying buzzard." Dr. Cross assisted me that fearful day. We met many times subsequently during the war and afterwards, I ordained him deacon and priest, and he was for a time on my staff of clergy in the Diocese of Tennessee.

When the wounded were brought to the rear, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I took my place as a surgeon on Chaplain's Creek, and throughout the rest of the day and until half past five the next morning, without food of any sort, I was incessantly occupied with the wounded. It was a horrible night I spent,—God save me from such another. I suppose excitement kept me up. About half past five in the morning of the 9th, I dropped,—I could do no more. I went out by myself and leaning against a fence, I wept like a child. And all that day I was so unnerved that if any one asked me about the regiment, I could make no reply without tears. Having taken off my

shirt to tear into strips to make bandages, I took a severe cold.

The total loss of the Confederates, (whose force numbered of all arms only 16,000), was 510 killed, 2,635 wounded and 251 captured or missing, and of this loss a great part was sustained by our regiment. How well I remember the wounded men! One of the Rock City Guard, brought to me mortally wounded, cried out: "Oh, Doctor, I have been praying ever since I was shot that I might be brought to you." One of the captains was wounded mortally, it was thought at first, but it was afterwards learned that the ball which struck him in the side, instead of passing through his body, had passed around under the integuments. Lieutenant Woolridge had both eyes shot out and still lives. A stripling of fifteen years fell in the battle apparently dead, shot through the neck and collar-bone, but is still living. Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson was killed at his side. The latter was wounded in the arm early in the action. He bound his handkerchief around his arm and in the most gallant and dashing style urged his men forward until a grape shot struck him in the face killing him instantly.

Two days after the battle I went to the enemy's line with a flag of truce. And the following day General Polk, (who had won the hearts of the whole army), asked me to go with him to the church in Harrodsburg. I obtained the key and as we entered the holy house, I think that we both felt that we were

in the presence of God. General Polk threw his arms about my neck and said: "Oh, for the blessed days when we walked in the house of God as friends! Let us have prayer!"

I vested myself with surplice and stole and entered the sanctuary. The General knelt at the altar railing. I said the Litany, used proper prayers and supplications, and then turned to the dear Bishop and General and pronounced the benediction from the office for the visitation of the sick. "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen."

The Bishop bowed his head upon the railing and wept like a child on its mother's breast. Shortly after this service, General Kirby-Smith begged me that he might go to the church with me, so I returned, and he too was refreshed at God's altar.

General Kirby-Smith was a most remarkable character. A few years later it was my pleasure to have him as one of my neighbors at Sewanee, Tennessee, where he did much towards making the University of the South what it is. He was kindly, big-hearted, and no man was a better friend. He was a very devoted communicant of the church, and during the war, whenever opportunity offered, he held services and officiated as lay-reader. In an epidemic

of cholera at Nashville, some years after the war, he was called upon to say the burial office over his own rector who had died of the dread disease. He entered upon his duties in the University of the South in 1875, as Professor of Mathematics and gave a great deal of attention to botany and natural science.

His end on the 28th of March, 1893, was very peaceful. He died as he had lived—bright, strong in his Christian faith and hope. One of his last connected utterances was the fourth verse from the twenty-third Psalm. On Good Friday, the 31st of March, 1893, it was my high privilege to commit his body to the earth in the cemetery at Sewanee.

CHAPTER VI

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—MURFREESBORO

AFTER the battle of Perryville, both Bragg and Kirby-Smith were compelled to retreat by way of Cumberland Gap to Chattanooga. During this retreat I was in charge of the regiment as surgeon, Dr. Buist having been left behind to care for our sick and wounded. Every morning I filled my canteen with whiskey and strapped it to the pommel of my saddle to help the wearied and broken down to keep up in the march. I was riding a splendid bay which had been brought from Maury County and presented to me by the members of the regiment. He was the best saddle horse I ever rode. One day the colonel commanding the regiment rode up to me on his old gray nag and said: "Doctor, this horse of mine is very rough. Would you mind exchanging with me for a little while?"

I was off my horse before he had finished speaking. With a smiling countenance and a look of great gratitude he mounted my bay and rode off some hundred yards or more to the front, accompanied by the lieutenant-colonel, the major and one or two other officers—when they wheeled and saluted me, the colonel holding aloft my canteen of whiskey and waving it with great glee, each one taking a drink. When that canteen was returned to me every drop of the whiskey had disappeared. I was an "innocent abroad."

From Chattanooga I went to Rome, Georgia, to visit my family and to obtain some fresh clothing of which I was sorely in need. There were many hospitals established there and among them was one named for me, "Quintard Hospital." I spent much of my time in the hospitals, and also went to Columbus, Georgia, to secure clothing for my regiment. Mr. Rhodes Brown, President of one of the principal woolen mills in Columbus, gave me abundant supplies of the very best material. Besides this generous donation, he gave me a thousand dollars to use as I saw fit.

After some weeks I rejoined the army which had moved on to Murfreesboro. On my way up, I met at Stevenson, Alabama, Captain Jack Butler of my regiment, who informed me that a telegraphic dispatch from General Polk had just passed over the line ordering me to Murfreesboro. I asked how he knew it, and he told me that he had caught it as it clicked over the wire, which seemed very wonderful to me then. Immediately on reaching Murfreesboro I reported to General Polk and said: "General, I am here in response to your telegram." He was greatly astonished and asked how it was possible for me to have made the journey from Rome, Georgia, in so brief a time.

General Bragg, who was in command at Murfreesboro, was attacked by Rosecrans on the last day of the year 1862. A great battle resulted and the fighting continued until the 2d day of January, 1863.

I was on the field dressing the wounded, as usual, when an order came for me to repair to the hospitals. While crossing the fields on my way to the hospitals in town, a tremendous shell came flying towards me, and I felt sure it would strike me in the epigastric region. I leaned down over the pommel of my saddle and the shell passed far above my head. As I rose to an upright position, I found that my watchguard had been broken and that a gold cross which had been suspended from it, was lost. I never expected to see it again. The next day, a colonel, moving with his command at "double quick" in line of battle, picked up the cross and returned it to me the day following. It is still in my possession—a valued relic of the Battle of Murfreesboro.

As Dr. Buist was still in Perryville, Kentucky, I was practically surgeon of the regiment. As the wounded of the First Tennessee were brought in, they always called for me, and it was my high privilege to attend nearly, if not quite all, the wounded of my regiment. Some of them were desperately wounded; among these was Bryant House, nicknamed among the boys, who were artists in bestowing nicknames, "Shanty." He had been shot through the body. The surgeon into whose hands he had first fallen told him that it was impossible to extract the ball and that there was no hope for him. "Well, send for my chaplain," he said, doubtless thinking that I would offer up a prayer in his behalf. Instead of that, however, I went in

search of the ball with my surgical instruments, and was successful. "Shanty" died in September, 1895. He was for years after the war a conductor on the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, and took great delight in telling this story.

I continued at work in the hospital located in Soule College until the army was about to fall back to Shelbyville, when I was sent for by General Polk, who asked if I would go to Chattanooga in charge of Willie Huger, whose leg had been amputated at the thigh. He was placed in a box car with a number of other wounded men and I held the stump of his thigh in my hands most of the journey. When we reached Chattanooga I was more exhausted than my patient. I remained with him for some time. The dear fellow finally recovered, married a daughter of General Polk, and now resides in New Orleans.

General James E. Rains, a member of my parish in Nashville, fell while gallantly leading his men at the battle of Murfreesboro. General Hanson of Kentucky, likewise gave up his life. His last words were: "I am willing to die with such a wound in so glorious a cause!" Here it was that Colonel Marks, afterwards Governor of Tennessee, was severely wounded and lamed for life.

After the first day's fight, General Bragg sent a telegram to Richmond in the following words: "God has indeed granted us a happy New Year." But subsequently hearing that Rosecrans was being heav-

ily reinforced from Nashville, he retired to Shelbyville, carrying with him his prisoners and the spoils of battle, for the Confederates captured and carried off 30 cannon, 6,000 small arms, and over 6,000 prisoners, including those captured by cavalry in the rear of the Union army. Wheeler's cavalry also captured and burned 800 wagons.

CHAPTER VII

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—SHELBYVILLE

HAVING placed Willie Huger in comfortable quarters in Chattanooga and watched over him as long as I was able to, I returned to the army. At Shelbyville, I found General Polk's headquarters occupying the grounds of William Gosling, Esquire. The Gosling family were old friends of mine and insisted upon my making their house my home. General Polk had his office in the house. Mrs. Gosling was an ideal housekeeper and made me feel in every respect at home.

We remained nearly six months in Shelbyville, most of the army being camped about Tullahoma. Soon after the Battle of Murfreesboro, General Bragg was removed from the command of the Army of the Tennessee and General Johnston was sent to Shelbyville.

On the 7th of February, 1863, we had a grand review by General Johnston, who rode my horse—to me the most interesting item of the review. For I had seen so much of marching and countermarching that I was tired of it all—thoroughly disgusted indeed. It was a brilliant pageant, nevertheless. The troops looked and marched well, and General Johnston expressed the greatest satisfaction with what he witnessed. He said he had never seen men he would rather trust.

I found General Johnston a charming man. I was constantly with him at General Polk's headquarters and enjoyed his visit to the army very much. He was of perfectly simple manners, of easy and graceful carriage and a good conversationalist. He had used his utmost endeavor to keep General Bragg in command of the Army of the Tennessee; though when he was ordered, in May, to take command of the forces of Mississippi, General Bragg remarked to me, "Doctor, he was kept here too long to watch me!" Afterwards in command of the Army of the Tennessee, no man enjoyed a greater popularity than he did. Soldiers and citizens alike recognized that General Johnston possessed a solid judgment, invincible firmness, imperturbable self-reliance and a perseverance which no difficulties could subdue.

It was my privilege to be frequently with the General after the war and more and more he entered into the religious life, illustrating in his daily walk and conversation the highest type of the Christian gentleman. He was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of General Sherman at a time when his health was far from strong. He caught cold and died of heart failure in March, 1891.

The weather was at times very inclement while we were in Shelbyville and I suffered much illness. I kept at my work as well as I could, however, and often I preached before distinguished congregations; as, for example, when Generals Johnston, Polk, Cheatham and nearly all the general officers and staffs

were present. The congregations were usually large.

I recall reading with a great deal of zest, one day when the weather was very inclement and I was by illness kept in the house, a publication entitled "Robinson Crusoe." Perhaps my readers may have heard of such a book. And one night in February, General Polk and I remained up until two o'clock, and the Bishop-General gave me a detailed account of the manner in which his mind was turned to serious things while he was at West Point—practically the same story that may be found in Dr. William M. Polk's recently published life of his father.

On another occasion the General and I were riding out together and he mentioned the following odd incident to me: His eldest son when at college in the North purchased a gold-headed walking-stick as a present to the Bishop. Wishing his name and seal engraved upon it, the son took it to an engraver in New York, giving him a picture of the Bishop's seal as published in a Church Almanac. The seal was a simple shield having for its device a cross in the center, with a crosier and key laid across it. By some hocus pocus the artist engraved a crosier and a *sword* instead of the key. The Bishop had the cane still when he told me this, and I think it was his intention to adopt that device as his seal thenceforth. But, of course, as we all know, the Bishop's death before the close of the war prevented his adopting a seal for his future work in the Episcopate.

It must not be supposed, however, that my time was idly spent in Shelbyville or in reading such books as "Robinson Crusoe" and listening to the charming conversation of General Polk and others. On the 2nd of March, at the request of my fellow-chaplains, General Bragg issued an order to the effect that I was assigned to duty at the general hospitals of Polk's corps, and was to proceed to a central point and there establish my office. With the approval of Medical Officers, I was to visit the different hospitals, rendering such services and affording such relief and consolation to the sick and wounded as a minister only could give.

On my copy of this order was endorsed "Transportation furnished in kind from Wartrace to Atlanta, Mch. 3, '63." So I went off and was gone several weeks, visiting my family in Rome, Georgia, before my return. I made also a trip to Columbia, Tennessee, on business relating to my new appointment—a distance of forty miles from Shelbyville, over roads none of the best at that time.

While I was in Rome I received a very characteristic letter from my friend, Colonel Yeatman, on Polk's staff, which gave me an amusing account of the services held in Shelbyville on the day appointed by the President of the Confederate States to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer. The chaplain of an Alabama regiment preached a very good sermon, the letter says, and then "your brother——wound up with a prayer—eminently a *war prayer*—in which

he prayed that their (the Yankees') moral sensibilities might be awakened by the 'roar of our cannon and the gleam of our bayonets and that the *stars and bars* might soon wave in triumph through these beleaguered states!' and then after prescribing a course which he desired might be followed by the Lord, he quit." It is such a good example of the manner in which some persons attempt to preach to the people while they pray to God, that it is quite worth quoting here.

The visit of Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, to Shelbyville was a great event. He arrived on the 23rd of May and was most affectionately welcomed by his friend General Polk, and remained with us at Mr. Gosling's house two weeks. Services were held every day and the Bishop preached. Everywhere he was received most enthusiastically. The Presbyterian Church in Shelbyville, was by far the largest church building in the town, and as it was without a pastor at the time, I had been invited to occupy it and had accepted the very kind invitation. We accordingly held services there on Sunday, the 24th of May. In the morning I said the service and the Bishop celebrated the Holy Communion and preached. In the afternoon the Bishop preached one of his most eloquent sermons, and I presented a class of ten persons for confirmation. It included Colonel Yeatman; Colonel Porter (of the Sixth Tennessee); Major Hoxton, Chief of Artillery on Hardee's staff; Lieutenant Smith, on General Cheatham's staff; Surgeon Green,

(Fourth Tennessee); four privates of my own regiment; one private of the Fifty-first Alabama Cavalry; and a lady.

It was a very novel sight to see a large Church crowded in every part with officers and soldiers. Scarcely a dozen of the gentler sex were to be seen. The attention of this large body of soldiers was earnest and like that of men who were thoughtful about their souls.

Being anxious for the Bishop to officiate for my regiment, I made an appointment with him for the following day, to preach to the brigade under General George Maney, at their camp. The service was held at the headquarters of Colonel Porter of the Sixth Regiment. The attendance was very large and the Bishop said he had never had a more orderly or attentive congregation in a church. I conducted the service and the Bishop preached.

On Tuesday I was very unwell but felt it my duty to drive six miles to the front and visit, with the Bishop, the Brigade of General Manigault, of South Carolina. He was on outpost duty and was only a few miles from the pickets of General Rosecrans' army. The service was at five o'clock. The whole brigade was in attendance, having been marched to the grove arranged for the service, under arms. I assisted in the service and undertook to baptize a captain of the Twenty-eighth Alabama, but was taken ill, and being unable to proceed, the Bishop took my place.

It was a very solemn service indeed. The Captain knelt in the presence of his brother soldiers and enlisted under the banner of Christ Crucified. After which the Bishop preached to the assembled officers and soldiers seated on the ground in concentric circles. It was an admirable extempore discourse which fell with great effect upon the hearts of all who heard it.

On returning to Shelbyville, I betook myself to bed, and using proper remedies, I had a comfortable night. The following day, I fasted and lounged about headquarters. Mr. Vallandigham, who had been sent to us by the Federal authorities because of what were regarded as disloyal utterances made in political speeches in Ohio, dined with us, and my great desire to see him gave me strength to endure a long sitting at table, though I ate nothing.

Mr. Vallandigham was altogether a different man from what I had expected. He was about my own age and height, had remarkably fine features, a frank, open countenance, beautiful teeth and a color indicating very high health. He wore no side-whiskers nor moustache but a beard slightly tinged with gray, on his chin. In manner he was extremely easy and polite ; in conversation very fluent and entertaining. He was greatly pleased with the kind reception he had met from the officers of the army and the citizens of Shelbyville, but was very desirous of avoiding all public demonstration.

On Thursday morning, feeling much better, I accompanied Bishop Elliott to Wartrace, the headquarters of General Hardee. General Polk and Colonel Richmond accompanied us. Later Colonel Yeatman brought Mr. Vallandigham over in General Polk's ambulance and we had a "goodlie companie." At eleven o'clock we held a service in the Presbyterian Church, the use of which was kindly tendered me. There was a large congregation, consisting of officers, soldiers and ladies. The Bishop read part of the morning service and I preached an extempore sermon. I had not expected to say anything, but the Bishop having declined to preach, I was determined not to disappoint the congregation altogether. And I had great reason to be thankful that I did preach, for it gave me the opportunity to have a long and very delightful conversation with General Hardee about confirmation. In the afternoon, services were to have been held for the brigades of General Wood and General Lucius Polk, but rain coming on, and the services having been arranged for the open air, it was thought best to postpone them to a future occasion.

The train that evening brought a very agreeable addition to our party in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle of the Coldstream Guard of the British Army. The Guard was the oldest regiment in the British service. Colonel Freemantle was only about eight and twenty, and was on furlough,—just

taking a hasty tour through the Confederacy to look at our army and become acquainted with our officers. He was very intelligent and very companionable. His grandfather and his father were adjutants of the Coldstream Guard, and he had held the same office. His family was an ancient and honorable one, and he seemed worthy to wear his ancestral honors. He accompanied General Polk and myself to Shelbyville the next day, and was for a while the General's guest. He had left England three months before and had come into the Confederacy by way of Texas.

The following Sunday I held services again in the Presbyterian Church at Shelbyville, preached to a crowded congregation, and presented another class to the Bishop for confirmation. In the afternoon we drove to Wartrace where I said Evening Prayer at the headquarters of General Wood, and the Bishop preached to an immense concourse. Between four and five thousand persons were present and the services were most impressive and solemn.

On Monday morning, (June 1st), we attended a review of General Liddell's brigade. After the review, General Hardee had the brigade formed in a hollow square and the Bishop addressed it briefly upon the religious aspects of the struggle in which we were engaged.

A memorable incident of Bishop Elliott's visit to our army was General Bragg's baptism and confirmation. As soon as I found that the Bishop was able to

give us a visit, I made very earnest appeals to the officers and soldiers of our army to confess Christ before men. But there was one man in the army whom I felt I could never get at. He was the Commander-in-chief, General Braxton Bragg. He had the reputation of being so stern and so sharp in his sarcasm, that many men were afraid to go near him. Yet I had often thought of him in connection with my work. He never came to the Holy Communion, and I never heard of his being a member of any religious denomination.

Immediately after I received notice of Bishop Elliott's proposed visit, I determined to have a talk with General Bragg. It was late one afternoon when I started for his headquarters. I found two tents and a sentry at the outer one, and when I asked for General Bragg the sentry said: "You cannot see him. He is very busy, and has given positive orders not to be disturbed, except for a matter of life and death."

That cooled my enthusiasm and I returned to my own quarters; but all the night long I blamed myself for my timidity.

The next day I started out again, found the same sentry and received the same reply. This time, however, I was resolved to see the General, no matter what happened, so I said:

"It *is* a matter of life and death."

The sentry withdrew and in a few minutes returned

and said : "You can see the General, but I advise you to be brief. He is not in a good humour."

This chilled me, but I went in. I found the General dictating to two secretaries. He met me with : "Well, Dr. Quintard, what can I do for you? I am quite busy, as you see."

I stammered out that I wanted to see him alone. He replied that it was impossible, but I persisted. Finally he dismissed the secretaries, saying to me rather sternly : "Your business must be of grave importance, sir."

I was very much frightened, but I asked the General to be seated, and then, fixing my eyes upon a knot-hole in the pine board floor of the tent, talked about our Blessed Lord, and about the responsibilities of a man in the General's position. When I looked up after a while I saw tears in the General's eyes and took courage to ask him to be confirmed. At last he came to me, took both my hands in his and said : "I have been waiting for twenty years to have some one say this to me, and I thank you from my heart. Certainly, I shall be confirmed if you will give me the necessary instruction."

I had frequent interviews with him subsequently on the subject and he was baptized and confirmed. The latter service took place in Shelbyville, on the afternoon of our return from Wartrace. Wishing to make the usual record, I asked the General to give me the names of his parents and the date of his birth. In reply he sent me the following note :

My dear Doctor: I was born in the town of Warrenton, Warren County, North Carolina, on the 21st of June, 1817, son of Thomas Bragg and Margaret Crossland, his wife. Though too late in seeking, [but not,] I hope, in obtaining the pardon offered to all who penitently confess, I trust time will yet be allowed me to prove the sincerity with which I have at last undertaken the task. For the kindness and consideration of yourself and the good and venerable Bishop, for whom my admiration has ever been very great, I shall never cease to be grateful. My mind has never been so much at ease, and I feel renewed strength for the task before me.

Faithfully yours,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

Toward the end of our stay in Shelbyville, it was my privilege to assist in getting two ladies through the enemy's lines. The Rev. Mr. Clark, rector of St. Paul's Church, Augusta, Georgia, had been appointed by the Bishop of Georgia, a Missionary to the Army, —that is, a sort of Chaplain under diocesan control and for whose support the Confederate Government was in no way responsible. The plan was intended to continue the work which the Bishop had begun by his visit to our army. Mr. Clark desired to send his mother and sister to Nashville, and communicating with me in advance, I made all necessary arrangements for their transit through the lines before they arrived in our camp at Shelbyville. I obtained a pass from General Bragg and his permission for Mr. Edmund Cooper, of Shelbyville, to write such letters to Federal officers as he saw fit. Mr. Cooper was in a position to be of great service to us, for although a

Union man and afterwards private secretary to President Johnson and Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, his brothers were in the Confederate Army. He accordingly gave us letters to General Rosecrans and Governor Andrew Johnson. General Wheeler wrote to Colonel Webb, in command of our outposts, requesting him to do all in his power for the welfare of the party.

In the morning the two ladies, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Clark, my old class-mate Dr. Frank Stanford, then General Wheeler's Medical Director, and myself, left Shelbyville in a fine four-horse ambulance. On our way "to the front," nine miles out, we reached General Martin's headquarters, where our passports were examined and approved. Three miles further on, we reached Colonel Webb, who gave us a note to Lieutenant Spence of the outer picket, still three miles further in advance. Lieutenant Spence conducted us to a house where we were kindly received and made to feel quite at home. He sent one of his scouts forward to the residence of Colonel Lytle, two miles further on in the "neutral ground," to inform him of our arrival and to take letters to him from Mr. Cooper and myself asking his assistance in conveying the ladies through the enemy's lines.

About two o'clock Colonel and Mrs. Lytle arrived in their carriage. The latter kindly offered to accompany the ladies through the Federal lines to the house of a friend where they could remain until they could

communicate with General Rosecrans. At this point we made our adieus and on returning to camp stopped for dinner at Colonel, (afterward General) Strahl's headquarters. The day was a pleasant one and the whole party was greatly pleased with the trip. The Rev. Mr. Clark remained with me over the following Sunday and held services for one of our regiments.

CHAPTER VIII

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—A DRAMATIC EPISODE

A SHORT time before we left Shelbyville I was a participant in one of the most solemn, and at the same time one of the most dramatic, scenes of my whole life.

I was requested one day by General Polk to visit two men who were sentenced to be shot within a few days for desertion. One of them belonged to the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment and the other to the Eighth Tennessee. The former was a man forty-seven years of age, the latter not more than twenty-three.

I cannot describe the feelings which oppressed me on my first visit in compliance with the General's request. I urged upon both men, with all the powers of my persuasion, an attention to the interests of their souls. The younger man was, I believe, really in earnest in endeavouring to prepare for death, but the other seemed to have no realizing sense of his condition. I found that the younger man had a Cumberland Presbyterian minister for a Chaplain for whom I sent and who would minister to him.

I called upon Governor Harris and begged him to see the judges of the Court and find if there was any possibility of having the men pardoned. I never begged so hard for anything in my life as for the lives of these men. I had a special sympathy for the older

man, for he had deserted to visit his wife and children. However, the day came for their execution.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Chaplain baptized the man belonging to his regiment. I remained in town the night preceding the day appointed for the execution, and from eight o'clock to nine, the Cumberland Presbyterian Chaplain and myself engaged in prayer privately in behalf of the condemned men.

At seven in the morning I gave them the most comfortable Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood. Both prisoners seemed deeply and profoundly penitent and to be very much in earnest in preparing for death. The room in which they were confined was a very mean and uncleanly one. Half the window was boarded up, and the light struggled through the dirt that begrimed the other half. But the Sacrament Itself and the thought that the prisoners would so soon be in Eternity, made it all very solemn. The prisoners made an effort to give themselves up to God, and seemed to feel that this was the occasion for bidding farewell to earth and earthly things. I pronounced the benediction, placing my hand upon the head of each, and commending them to the mercy of God.

At eight o'clock, the older man, to whom I was to minister in his last moments, was taken from his cell, ironed hand and feet. He was placed in an ambulance, surrounded by a guard, and we started for the brigade of Colonel Strahl, seven miles out of town. On reaching Strahl's headquarters, the prisoner was

placed in a room and closely guarded until the hour fixed for his execution,—one o'clock,—should arrive. A squad of twenty-four men was marched into the yard, and stacking arms, was marched off in order that the guns might be loaded by an officer,—one half with blank cartridges.

Leaving headquarter preceded by a wagon bearing the prisoner's coffin and followed by the squad which was to do the execution, we arrived on the ground precisely at one o'clock. The brigade was drawn up on three sides of a square. Colonel Strahl and his staff; Captain Stanford; Major Jack, General Polk's Adjutant; and Captain Spence of General Polk's staff, rode forward with me. A grave had been dug. The coffin was placed beside the grave, the prisoner was seated on it and I took my place by his side. Captain Johnston, Colonel Strahl's Adjutant, advanced and read the sentence of the Court and the approval of the General. The prisoner was then informed that if he wished to make any remarks, he had now an opportunity. He requested me to cut off a lock of his hair and preserve it for his wife. He then stood up and said: "I am about to die. I hope I am going to a better world. I trust that one and all of my companions will take warning by my fate."

He seated himself on his coffin again and I began the Psalm: "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord," and after that the "Comfortable words." We then knelt down together, and I said the Confession from the Communion Office. Then I turned to

the office for the Visitation of Prisoners, and used the prayer beginning, "O Father of Mercies and God of all Comfort," and so on down to the benediction, "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit you." I then shook hands with him and said : "Be a man ! It will soon be over !"

The firing squad was in position, the guns were cocked, the order had been given to "take aim," when Major Jack rode forward and read "Special Order, No. 132," the purport of which was that since the sentence of the Court-martial and order for the execution of the prisoner, facts and circumstances with regard to the history and character of the man had come to the knowledge of the Lieutenant-General Commanding which in his judgment palliated the offence of desertion of which the man had been condemned and warranted a suspension of his execution. The sentence of death was therefore annulled, and the man was pardoned and ordered to report to his regiment for duty.

The poor fellow did not understand it at first, but when the truth burst upon him, he exclaimed : "Thank God ! thank God !" and the tears streamed down his face. The whole scene was most impressive, and was calculated to have a good effect upon all who were present. The other prisoner was executed at high noon in another locality.

CHAPTER IX

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—CHICKAMAUGA

ON the last day of June, 1863, Rosecrans began to advance on Bragg. That was the signal for our leaving Shelbyville. On the 3rd of July the Union army entered Tullahoma.

On the morning of the 2nd, as I left the headquarters of General Bragg, I met my friend Governor Isham G. Harris. He looked very bright and cheerful and said to me: "To-morrow morning you will be roused up by the thunder of our artillery." But instead of being thus aroused I found myself in full retreat toward Winchester. Thence I rode to Cowan, where I found General Bragg and his staff, and General Polk with his staff. I rode up to them and said to General Bragg: "My dear General, I am afraid you are thoroughly outdone."

"Yes," he said, "I am utterly broken down." And then leaning over his saddle he spoke of the loss of Middle Tennessee and whispered: "This is a great disaster."

I said to him: "General, don't be disheartened, our turn will come next."

I found Colonel Walters, his Adjutant-General, lying in the corner of a rail fence, with his hands under his head, looking the very picture of despair. I said to him; "My dear Colonel, what is the matter with you?" His reply was: "How can you ask such a

question, when you know as well as I do what has happened?"

Our troops were at this time moving rapidly across the Sewanee Mountain, over country which subsequently became very familiar to me in times of peace. I said to him; "My dear Colonel, I am afraid you've not read the Psalms for the day." "No," he answered. "What do they say?"

I replied in the words of the first verse of the Eleventh Psalm: "In the Lord put I my trust; how say ye then to my soul, that she should flee as a bird unto the hill?"

I gave my horse to one of "the boys," and at the request of General Bragg, I accompanied him by rail to Chattanooga. On the 21st of August, a day appointed by the President of the Confederate States for fasting, humiliation and prayer, while I was preaching in a church, the Union army appeared opposite Chattanooga and began shelling the town. I think my sermon on that occasion was not long. Early in September, General McCook and General Thomas moved in such a way as to completely flank the Confederate position. General Bragg immediately began his retreat southward, and having been joined by General Longstreet and his forces, attacked General Thomas at Lee and Gordon's Mills, twelve miles south of Chattanooga, on the 19th of September. It was a bitter fight, but the day closed without any decisive results to either side.

After this the great battle of Chickamauga was fought. Undoubtedly General Thomas saved the Union army from utter ruin, but Longstreet, by his prompt action in seizing an opportunity, won the victory for the Confederate army.

The troops led by Brigadier-General Archibald Gracie fired the last gun and stormed the last strong position held by the enemy at the battle of Chickamauga, and so memorable was his conduct on that day, that the people in that vicinity have given the hill the name of Gracie Hill. It was a great privilege to know General Gracie as I did. He was a character that old Froissart would have delighted to paint. Chivalrous as a Bayard, he had all the tenderness of a woman. A warrior by nature as well as a soldier by education, (he graduated at West Point in 1852,) and profession, he had a horror of shedding blood and would almost shed tears in the hour of victory over the thin ranks of his brigade. A few months before his death he became a communicant of the Church.

One great personal loss I sustained in the battle of Chickamauga was that of my dear friend, Colonel W. B. Richmond, a member of General Polk's staff. He was a true friend, a thoroughly well rounded character and a most gallant soldier. He was the Treasurer of the Diocese of Tennessee, before the war.

Brigadier-General Helm of Kentucky was killed at Chickamauga, as was also Brigadier-General Preston Smith. Among the dead was my cousin, Captain

Thomas E. King, of Roswell, Georgia, who had sufficiently recovered from his fearful wounds at the first battle of Manassas, to act as honorary aid-de-camp to General Smith. Here also General Hood lost a leg.

The day after the battle I was sent to the field with one hundred and fifty ambulances to gather up the wounded. It was a sad duty. I saw many distressing sights. I was directed to convey the Federal wounded to the Field Hospitals fitted up by the Federal surgeons that had been captured to the number of not less than fifty, I think. I labored all the day and at nightfall I came upon a wretched hut into which a half dozen wounded men had dragged themselves. I found there among them, a young fellow about seventeen years of age. He had a severe wound in his leg and a small bone had been torn away. I chatted with him pleasantly for a while and promised to take him to the hospital early the next morning.

Early the next day when I went to fulfill my promise, I saw a surgeon's amputating knife on the head of a barrel by the door of the hut, and found that my young friend had been weeping bitterly. When I asked him what was the matter, he replied: "The surgeon has been examining my wound and says that my leg must be amputated. I would not care for myself, but my poor mother—" and then he burst into an agony of tears.

"Nonsense!" I said to him. "They shall not take off your leg." And lifting him up bodily, I placed

him in an ambulance and took him to the Hospital, where the next day I found him bright and cheerful. I learned subsequently that the "surgeon" who was about to amputate his leg unnecessarily, was a doctor who had come up from Georgia to get a little practice in that line. The boy subsequently became a railway conductor and used to say many years later, "You know I belong to Bishop Quintard. He saved my leg and perhaps my life at Chickamauga. The leg young Saw-bones was going to amputate is now as good as the other."

Another warm friend of mine, John Marsh, was horribly wounded at the battle of Chickamauga; so sorely wounded that he could not be removed from the field. A tent was erected over him and I nursed him until he was in a condition to be taken to the hospital. On the 1st of October, I obtained leave of absence from my duties as Chaplain of Polk's corps, volunteered my services as an Assistant Surgeon, was assigned to duty as such at Marietta, Georgia, and reported as promptly as possible to Surgeon D. D. Saunders, who was in charge of the hospitals at that post.

I took Marsh with me and there he slowly recovered his health. I prepared him for baptism and it was my great pleasure to baptize him and present him to Bishop Elliott for confirmation. When he was to be baptized, knowing that it would be painful for him to kneel because of his recent and scarcely healed wounds, I told him that he might sit in his chair.

"No," he said. "Let me kneel; let me kneel." And so he knelt, as I placed upon his brow the sign of the cross.

Our victory was complete at Chickamauga and Rosecrans' army threw down their arms and retreated pell-mell in the direction of Chattanooga. The Confederates followed on the 21st of September and took possession of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. For two months the two armies confronted each other at Chattanooga.

Matters remained quiet in both armies until November, when the Confederate lines extended around Chattanooga from the mouth of Chattanooga Creek above, to Moccasin Point below the town. To my great regret, General Polk was relieved of his command on the 29th of September, in consequence of a misunderstanding with General Bragg, the Commanding General. His application for a Court of Inquiry was dismissed and a month later he was assigned to a new field of duty, alike important and difficult—the best evidence that President Davis could offer of his appreciation of the Bishop-General's past services and of his expectations of his future career.

It was while we were in Chattanooga, before the battle of Chickamauga, that the "Order of the Southern Cross" was organized. There came to General Polk's headquarters, (on whose staff I was serving,) several officers, who stated that they had been considering the propriety if not the necessity of instituting an organization within the army, both social and char-

itable in its character, whose aim would be as a military brotherhood, to foster patriotic sentiment, to strengthen the ties of army fellowship and at the same time to provide a fund, not only for the mutual benefit of its members, but for the relief of disabled soldiers and the widows and orphans of such as might perish in the Confederate service.

They requested Bishop Polk to attend a meeting that evening to consider the subject further, and he finding it inconvenient to attend, asked me to go as his representative. So I went. Some six or eight of us met at Tyne's Station, about nine miles northwest of Chattanooga. After sufficient discussion and explanation to bring us to a common understanding of the purposes of the proposed order, General Pat Cleburne, General John C. Brown, General Liddell and myself were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and plan of organization. We met every day, I think, for a week or ten days, and the outcome of our labors was a little pamphlet, in appearance similar to the catechisms of our Sunday School days. It was in fact three by five inches in size, contained twenty-five pages and was from the press of Burke, Boykin & Co., Macon, Georgia. It was entitled "Constitution of the Comrades of the Southern Cross, adopted August 28, 1863."

Several "companies" were at once organized and but for the unfavorable course of events, I do not doubt that the order would have rapidly extended throughout the armies of the Confederacy. But

active military operations were very soon afterward begun, and the army was kept constantly on the move until the "bottom dropped out," and the "Order of the Southern Cross"—like the Southern Confederacy—went to pieces. The Confederate Veterans' Organization subsequently embodied some of the features which it was intended that the Comrades of the Southern Cross should possess.

CHAPTER X

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—ATLANTA

GENERAL BRAGG was defeated by General Grant at Chattanooga in November 1863, and early in the following month he was, at his own request, relieved of the command of the Confederate army. He was called to Richmond to act for a while as military adviser to President Davis. His life subsequent to the war was quiet. He was a God-fearing man in peace and in war. He died in 1876.

He was succeeded in the command by General Joseph E. Johnston, whose army was encamped in and around Atlanta. Soon afterward I secured the use of a Methodist Church building on the corner of Garnet and Forsyth Streets, assembled a congregation, held services and instituted a work which resulted in the establishment of St. Luke's Parish.

A suitable lot was soon obtained and with the help of men detailed from the army, a building was speedily erected. It was a most attractive building, handsomely furnished, and although somewhat "Confederate" in style, would have compared favorably with most churches built in the days of peace and prosperity.

Within its portals devout worshippers,—many distinguished Confederate officers among them,—were delighted to turn aside from the bloody strife of war and bow themselves before the Throne of Grace.

On the 8th of May, 1864, while I was in Atlanta in charge of St. Luke's Church and in attendance upon the hospitals, the following telegram came to me from Major Henry Hampton: "Can't you come up tomorrow? General Hood wishes to be baptized." It was impossible for me to go, but it was a great pleasure for me to learn afterwards that General Polk arrived with his staff that day and that night he baptized his brother General. It was the eve of an expected battle. It was a touching sight, we may be sure,—the one-legged veteran, leaning upon his crutches to receive the waters of baptism and the sign of the cross. A few nights later, General Polk baptized General Johnston and Lieutenant-General Hardee, General Hood being witness. These were two of the four ecclesiastical acts performed by Bishop Polk after receiving his commission in the army.

I was then Chaplain-at-Large under the appointment of the General Commanding. Being anxious for the Bishop of Georgia to consecrate the new church, I arranged for him to visit that portion of the army then at Dalton. At Dalton I baptized Brigadier-General Strahl in his camp in the presence of his assembled brigade, and at night we held services in the Methodist Church at Dalton.

The church was so densely packed that it was impossible for Bishop Elliott and myself to enter by the front door. Fortunately there was a small door in the rear of the Church, opening into what I should call the Chancel. We were obliged to vest ourselves in

the open air. I crawled through the little doorway first, and then taking the Bishop by his right hand, did all I could to help him through.

I read Evening Prayer and the Bishop preached; after which I presented a class for confirmation in which were General Hardee, General Strahl, two other Generals, a number of officers of the line and many privates.

The next day I accompanied the Bishop to Marietta where he held an ordination service at which I preached the sermon. And the day following he consecrated to the service of Almighty God, St. Luke's Church, Atlanta. In the afternoon of that day I presented a class of five persons to the Bishop for confirmation,—the first-fruits of my labors in St. Luke's parish.

It was about this time that I prepared some little books adapted to the use of the soldiers as a convenient substitute for the Book of Common Prayer. I also prepared a booklet, entitled, "Balm for the Weary and Wounded." It was through the great kindness and generosity of Mr. Jacob K. Sass, the treasurer of the General Council of the Church in the Confederate States, that I was enabled to publish these two little volumes. The first four copies of the latter booklet that came from the press were forwarded to General Polk and he wrote upon three of them the names of General J. E. Johnston, Lieutenant-General Hardee and Lieutenant-General Hood, respectively, and "With the compliments of Lieuten-

ant-General Leonidas Polk, June 12, 1864." They were taken from the breastpocket of his coat, stained with his blood, after his death, and forwarded to the officers for whom he had intended them.

On the 14th of June, I telegraphed to General Polk from Atlanta that I would visit him at his headquarters and give him the Blessed Sacrament. Two telegrams came to me that day. One was from Major Mason and read as follows: "Lieutenant-General Polk's remains leave here on the 12 o'clock train and will go directly through to Augusta." The other was as follows: "To the Rev. Dr. Quintard, Atlanta, Georgia. Lieutenant-General Polk was killed to-day by a cannon ball. His body goes down to Atlanta to-day. Be at the depot to meet it and watch the trains. Douglass West, A. A. G." I was never more shocked and overwhelmed.

On reaching Atlanta the body of the dead Bishop and General was escorted to St. Luke's Church, and placed in front of the altar. He was dressed in his gray uniform. On his breast rested a cross of white roses and beside his casket lay his sword.

Throughout the following morning, thousands of soldiers and citizens came to pay their last tribute of affection. At noon, assisted by the Rev. John W. Beckwith, of Demopolis, (afterwards Bishop of Georgia), I held funeral services and made an address. The body was then escorted to the railway station by the dead General's personal staff, together with General G. W. Smith, General Wright, General

Ruggles, General Reynolds, Colonel Ewell and many officers of the army, soldiers and citizens, and a committee representing the city of Atlanta.

At Augusta the body remained two days at St. Paul's Church and lay in state at the City Hall until St. Peter's day, June 29th, when the final rites were held in St. Paul's Church. The Bishops of Georgia, Mississippi and Arkansas officiated. The sermon was by the Bishop of Georgia. The burial was in the chancel of the church.

Bishop Polk's was the first funeral to take place in St. Luke's Church, Atlanta. There was but one other, that of a child named after and baptized by Bishop Elliott, for whom Bishop Polk had stood as sponsor but a short time before.

In August, 1864, I was in Macon, Georgia, not knowing precisely what to do or where to go. The times were very distressing. I took charge of the church and parish in Macon for the rector who had been sick but was slowly recovering. This was in accordance with a letter from the Bishop of Georgia, who had written me about the middle of the previous month, that I had been sadly tossed about and needed rest and that I might go to Macon for that purpose. But a few days later I was with Bishop Lay of Arkansas, in Atlanta, and with the army again, though compelled to go on Sundays to Macon to officiate for the sick rector at that place.

I remained at General Hood's headquarters in Atlanta, expecting to move with the General into

Tennessee. The city was being shelled by the Federals, and some of the shells fell very thickly about the General's headquarters. I thought the locality seemed very unhealthy, but as the General and his staff did not seem in the least disturbed, Bishop Lay and I concluded that everything was going on all right according to the art of war and we stood it with the best of them. On one particular day when more shells were thrown than in all the other days put together, there were, strange to say, no casualties.

On the 10th of August, at headquarters, I presented a class to Bishop Lay for confirmation. It included General Hood and some officers of his staff. In speaking to me the night before his confirmation, the General said: "Doctor, I have two objects in life that engage my supreme regard. One is to do all I can for my country. The other is to be ready and prepared for death whenever God shall call me."

Learning that St. Luke's Church had been injured in the bombardment of the city, Bishop Lay and I made a visit to it. We looked in wonder at the sight that met our eyes upon our entering the sacred edifice. One of the largest shells had torn through the side of the building and struck the prayer desk on which the large Bible happened to be lying. The prayer desk was broken and the Bible fell under it and upon the shell so as apparently to smother it and prevent its exploding. I lifted up the Bible and re-

moved the shell and gathered up all the prayer books I could find for the soldiers in the camps.

Before leaving the church I sat in one of the seats for a few moments and thought of the dear friends who had assisted in the building of the church, and who had offered up the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving in that place ; of the Bishop who had but a short time before consecrated it ; of the Bishop-General over whom I had said the burial service there ; of the now scattered flock and the utter desolation of God's house. As I rose to go, I picked up a handkerchief that had been dropped there at the child's funeral, which was the last service held there. I wrote a little story subsequently about "Nellie Peters' Pocket Handkerchief, and What It Saw," and it was published in the columns of the "Church Intelligencer."

This was the last time I visited St. Luke's Church of which I have such tender memories. It was destroyed in the "burning of Atlanta."

On the 6th of September, 1864, a general pass was issued to me by order of General Hood and signed by General F. A. Shoup, his Chief of Staff. This pass is an interesting relic of my early associations with one who subsequent to the war came under my jurisdiction as a priest of the Church when I was Bishop of Tennessee. He married a daughter of Bishop Elliott, took orders in the Church, so distinguished himself in the ministry as to receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and was for a long time my neighbor at Sewanee, where he was a Professor in The University of the South.

CHAPTER XI

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—COLUMBUS (GEORGIA) AND THE JOURNEY INTO TENNESSEE

WHEN the fall of Atlanta seemed imminent, General Johnston advised me to remove my family from the city and I decided to go to Columbus, Georgia. The rector of Trinity Church in that town was ill, and the Bishop of Georgia appointed me a Missionary to the Army, at a stipend of \$3,000 per year, to be paid as long as the churches in Georgia remained open, and to be continued to me while I was in Columbus and while the Rev. Mr. Hawks, rector of Trinity Church, was ill. My appointment was subsequently made that of Permanent Missionary to the Army.

So in October, 1864, I rented a very comfortable house two miles from town, for which I paid rent in advance for nine months—twenty-five hundred dollars, Confederate money. But everything seemed to be on the same generous scale, for when on the Sunday after my arrival, I preached in Trinity Church, the offerings for the poor amounted to one thousand dollars. We met with great cordiality from all the people of the town, especially from Mr. J. Rhodes Brown, who placed me under great obligations by his kindness.

We met in Columbus the musical prodigy, "Blind Tom," who belonged to one of our neighbors, General Bethune. I had heard him in a public performance two years previously in Richmond. I was call-

ing on the Bethunes one day, and on hearing my voice, Tom came into the parlor and in the most uncouth way paid his respects to the ladies and myself. He was not as much as usual in the humor for playing, having already spent four hours at the piano that day for the amusement of some cavalymen who had visited him. Nevertheless he cheerfully sat down to the piano and gave us some delightful music, and sang us some French songs, in which his powers of mimicry were wonderfully displayed. His playing was most marvellous. It seemed as though inspired. He was then a lad of fifteen. His musical talents were exhibited in his earliest childhood.

During all the month of October I was in constant attendance upon the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Columbus and holding daily religious services in my capacity of Missionary to the Army. My brother-in-law, Dr. H. M. Anderson, having been ordered to Selma with the Polk Hospital to which he was attached, spent a week with me and did much to assist me in my medical services. Greatly to my satisfaction he afterwards received orders to report for duty to the hospitals in Columbus.

One day, at the Carnes Hospital, in the presence of a large number of surgeons and convalescents, I baptized an infant. That day was made ever memorable by the generous donation of my friend, Mr. J. Rhodes Brown, who handed me a thousand dollars to be appropriated to the purchase of reading matter for the army. He also presented me with a pair of blan-

kets for my own use, and subsequently with three hundred yards of excellent cloth to clothe my regiment. To this he thoughtfully added buttons, thread and lining and three hundred pairs of socks. The cloth at that time was valued at forty-five dollars a yard. "The liberal soul shall be made fat."

About the middle of October, General G. P. T. Beauregard assumed command of the Military Division East of the Mississippi River, including the Department of Tennessee and Georgia commanded by General Hood, who, however, was to retain command of his department. On assuming command, General Beauregard published an address to his army in excellent tone and taste, promising a forward movement. It caused great enthusiasm. The General was very popular with his troops and his name was a tower of strength.

On the 8th of November, Captain Wickham informed me that he would leave for the army on the morrow and I immediately made my arrangements to accompany him. Leaving Columbus on a freight train, after a long and wearying journey we reached Montgomery, Alabama, and found accommodations, or what passed for such, in the topmost story of the principal hotel. While in Montgomery I dined at Dr. Scott's in company with a number of Tennessee friends, among whom were Colonel Battle, late in command of the Twentieth Tennessee, and then State Treasurer; Colonel Ray, Secretary of State; General Dunlap, Comptroller; Henry Watterson, and Albert

Roberts who then edited the *Montgomery Mail*. Colonel Battle followed me after I left the house, and handed me a roll of bills, which he begged me to accept from Colonel Ray, General Dunlap and himself, to assist me in defraying my expenses. The money came very opportunely and I thanked him very heartily, for I had not five dollars in my pocket at the time.

I took a steamer for Selma. The vessel was crowded to excess—in the cabin, on the deck and all about the guards. Still I had a much pleasanter night than I anticipated—on the floor of the cabin.

At Selma, I met the Rev. Mr. Ticknor, who handed me a letter from my dear friend, the Bishop of Alabama, containing a check for five hundred dollars, which he begged me to accept for my own comfort.

I left for Demopolis at eight the following morning, in company with Captain Wickham and my friend Major Thomas Peters, formerly of General Polk's staff. At Demopolis I had the pleasure of seeing the Rev. John W. Beckwith, who had officiated with me at the funeral of General Polk and who was afterwards to become the Bishop of Georgia.

Continuing on our journey we sailed down the Tombigbee river to the terminus of the railway, where we took cars and started for Meridian, Mississippi. It was a most tedious trip on the river, taking up about ten hours to make fifty miles. And when we reached the cars we found them crowded to excess.

I stopped at Macon, Mississippi, to visit Captain Yates who had lost his leg at Atlanta and to whom I had ministered there. I met the heartiest of welcomes, and found the Captain greatly improved and getting about a little on crutches. His nephew, who had lost a leg at Murfreesboro, was visiting him.

I started off from Macon with abundant supplies furnished by Mrs. Yates, among which were two roast turkeys, a ham and "all the et ceteras." When the train came along I found Major Winter, of the Engineers, in the car with his baggage and implements. He kindly invited me to a seat and I had a comfortable ride to Okalona, Mississippi. It having been decided not to go forward until General Cheatham could be heard from, Captain Wickham, Captain Bradford and I went on to Columbus, Mississippi, where I was very cordially received by Bishop Green of Mississippi.

Wednesday, the 16th of November, having been set apart by the President of the Confederate States as a day of supplication and prayer for God's blessing on our cause, I officiated in St. Paul's Church, Columbus, and preached from the text: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

General Cheatham telegraphed me to go forward. So I left West Point, Mississippi, on the 19th of November, in a car loaded with corn. The party on our car included Brigadier-General Quarles, Sterling Cockrill, of Nashville, Captains Shute, Wickham,

Bradford, Jones, Mayrant and Colonel Young of the Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, besides some ladies and young people. The day wore away pleasantly enough in such company and about 8 o'clock at night we reached Corinth, Mississippi, where the Rev. Mr. Markham, an excellent Presbyterian minister from New Orleans, shared my blankets with me. Here we had information that General Sherman was making his way to the seaboard and was within thirty miles of Macon, Georgia.

Captain Wickham and myself passed on with others, and at half-past four in the evening of Thursday, the 22nd of November, we crossed the line into Tennessee. In consequence of the wretched condition of the roads and the rough weather, we had had a hard time of it. I made my way with all possible speed, through Mount Pleasant to Ashwood and to the house of my dear friend, General Lucius Polk.

Such greetings as I received! How I thanked God for the friends He had given me! General Chalmers and his staff were guests at General Polk's, and the next day we had many happy meetings. All day long there was a constant stream of visitors to Hamilton Place, the residence of General Polk. General Hood and Governor Harris came early in the day as did also General Cheatham. Then came General John C. Brown, General Gibson, General Bate, handsome Frank Armstrong, and General Walthall, who with his staff, spent the night with us. I offered a special prayer of Thanksgiving to God for our return

to Tennessee, and the following day was one of supreme enjoyment. I did not move out of the house but just rested and tried to realize that I was once more in Tennessee.

On the 27th, Advent Sunday, I had Morning Prayer at the residence of General Lucius Polk, and baptized two children, making a record of the same in the Parish Register.

On the following day our forces entered Columbia. I accompanied them and found the good people of the town in a state of the wildest enthusiasm. Almost the first person I met was my dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Pise who went with me to call on several families. These were days of great hopefulness. General Beauregard telegraphed to General Hood that Sherman was making his way rapidly to the Atlantic coast and urged Hood to advance to relieve General Lee. General Hood proposed to press forward with all possible speed, and said to me confidentially that he would either beat the enemy to Nashville or make the latter go there double quick. So the race began to see who would get to Nashville first. That night the enemy was still on the opposite side of Duck River, but it was thought he would withdraw next morning. At all events our forces were to cross at daylight.

General Hood urged me to go with the ambulance. When he told me "Good-bye," I prayed God's blessing, guidance and direction upon him. "Thank you, Doctor," he replied, "that is my hope and trust." And as he turned away he remarked: "The

enemy must give me fight or I will be in Nashville before to-morrow night."

General Cheatham and General Stewart crossed Duck River at sunrise ; General Lee shortly afterwards. There was considerable shelling of the town, and Colonel Beckham was wounded, but no lives were lost.

By Wednesday the enemy had all withdrawn, our forces had crossed over and the wagons were crossing. I crossed the river at two o'clock with Major John Green, of South Carolina, and Dr. Phillips, of Hoxton's Artillery. We met on the road several hundred prisoners going to the rear. At Spring Hill we heard that the Federal commanders were in a sad way. General Stanley had been heard to say, "I can do nothing more ; I must retreat." Three trains of cars were burned by the Federals at this place.

Very much has been said about the Confederates' "lost opportunity," as it is called, at Spring Hill, and General Cheatham has been faulted for not doing something very brilliant there that would have changed the whole complexion of affairs. It is said that he failed to give battle when the "enemy was marching along the road almost under the camp fires of the main body of our army."

During the war and after its close I was brought into such intimate association with General B. F. Cheatham, that I learned to appreciate his high character. He was a man of admirable presence. In manner he was free, without frivolity,—cheerful, kind-

hearted and ever easy of access. He was a gentleman without pretensions and a politician without deceit ; a faithful friend and a generous foe ; strong in his attachments and rational in his resentments. He was clear in judgment, firm in purpose and courageous as a lion. He was fruitful in expedients, prompt in action and always ready for a fight. He won victory on many a well-contested field ; but, best of all, he ruled his own spirit.

He participated in the greater number of battles in the War with Mexico ; and in the civil war he won distinction and promotion at Belmont, Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and on many fields besides, he exhibited the most perfect self-possession, —the utmost disregard of peril. He possessed in an eminent degree the indispensable quality of a soldier which enabled him to go wherever duty or necessity demanded his presence. He understood thoroughly that it was better that a leader should lose his life than his honor. I have every confidence in the statement he once made : “During my services as a soldier under the flag of my country in Mexico, and as an officer of the Confederate armies, I cannot recall an instance where I failed to obey an order literally, promptly and faithfully.”

Major Saunders, of French's Division, has said : “The assumption that Schofield's army would have been destroyed at Spring Hill, and one of the most brilliant victories of the war achieved, had it not been for the misconduct of Cheatham, is one of the delusions

that has survived the war. . . . No circumstance or incident that his strategy developed can be found that justifies [the] attacks [made] on the military reputation of General Cheatham." My own opinion has always been that General Cheatham was in no way at fault in his conduct at Spring Hill. And this opinion has been strengthened by the letter from Governor Harris to Governor James D. Porter, dated May 20, 1877, and the brief letter from General Hood to Cheatham, dated December 13, 1864, both recently published in "Southern Historical Papers," vol. 9, p. 532.

I baptized General Cheatham, confirmed him, officiated at his marriage, and it was my sad privilege to say the burial service over him. He died in Nashville, Tennessee, September 4th. 1886. His last words were: "Bring me my horse! I am going to the front!"

Just before moving toward Franklin, General Strahl came to me and said: "I want to make you a present," and presented me with a splendid horse, named "The Lady Polk." I used the horse through the remainder of the war and at its close sold her, and with the money erected in St. James' Church, Bolivar, Tennessee, a memorial window to General Strahl and his Adjutant, Lieutenant John Marsh, both of them killed in the fearful battle of Franklin. Both of these men I had baptized but a few months previously, and both were confirmed by Bishop Elliott.

CHAPTER XII

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—FRANKLIN

THE Battle of Franklin was fought on the 30th of November, 1864, and was one of the bloodiest of the war. On that dismal November day, our line of battle was formed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and marched directly down through an open field toward the outer breastworks of the enemy. A sheet of fire was pouring into the very faces of our men. The command was: "Forward! Forward men!" Never on earth did men fight against greater odds, but they advanced towards the breastworks,—on and on,—and met death without flinching. The roar of battle was kept up until after midnight and then gradually died away, as the enemy abandoned their interior line of defences and rapidly retreated to Nashville.

We had about 23,000 men engaged. They fought with great gallantry, drove the enemy from their outer line of temporary works into their interior line, captured several stands of colors and about one thousand prisoners. But our losses were about 4,500 brave men, and among them Major-General Pat Cleburne, Brigadier-General John Adams, Brigadier-General O. F. Strahl, Brigadier-General Gist, Brigadier-General Granberry and Brigadier-General John C. Carter was mortally wounded. Among the wounded were Major-General John C. Brown, Brigadier-Generals Manigault, Quarles, Cockrill, Scott and George Gordon.

General John Adams, on reaching the vicinity of Franklin, had immediately formed his line of battle near the residence of Colonel John McGavock and led his troops into the fight. A more gallant set of officers and men never faced a foe. General Adams was calm, cool and self-possessed and vigilantly watched and directed the movements of his men and led them on for victory or for death. He was severely wounded early in the action and was urged to leave the field. He calmly replied: "No, I will not! I will see my men through!" and at the same time gave an order to Captain Thomas Gibson, his aid-de-camp and Brigade Inspector. When he fell he was in the act of leaping his horse, "Old Charlie," over the outer works. Both horse and his rider were instantly killed,—the General falling within our lines, while old Charlie lay astride the works. The General received two wounds in the right leg, four balls entered his body, one ball passed through his breast and one entered his right shoulder-blade. These wounds were all received simultaneously and his death was instantaneous.

Major-General Cleburne's mare was dead on the works and the General himself was pierced with no less than forty-nine bullets. The bodies of these two brave Generals were brought from the battlefield in an ambulance and taken to the residence of Colonel McGavock, whose house and grounds were literally filled with the Confederate dead and wounded. Mrs. McGavock rendered every assistance possible and her

name deserves to be handed down to future generations as that of a woman of lofty principle, exalted character and untiring devotion.

Captain Gibson, General Adams' aid and Brigade Inspector, although badly wounded, accompanied by Captain Blackwell, conveyed the body of his commander to the residence of the General's brother, Major Nathan Adams, in Pulaski. I officiated at the funeral and his mortal remains were placed in the cemetery by the side of those of his father and mother.

As a soldier, General Adams was active, calm and self-possessed, brave without rashness, quick to perceive and ever ready to seize the favorable moment. He enjoyed the confidence of his superiors and the love and respect of his soldiers and officers. In camp and on the march he looked closely to the comfort of his soldiers, and often shared his horse on long marches with his sick and broken-down men.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church and a sincere and humble Christian. For a year or more before his death he engaged, morning, noon and night in devotional exercises. He invariably fasted on Friday and other days of abstinence appointed by the Book of Common Prayer. He was guided in all his actions by a thoughtful and strict regard for truth, right and duty. In all the relations of life he was upright, just and pure. There is no shadow on his memory and he left to his children the heritage of an

unblemished name and to coming generations the sublime heroism of a Southern Soldier.

After the battle General Strahl's horse lay by the road-side and the General by his side,—both dead. All his staff were killed. General Strahl was a native of Ohio, but he had come to Tennessee in his youth, and was as thoroughly identified with the latter state as any of her sons. He gave to the Fourth Tennessee Regiment its drill and discipline and made it a noted regiment before he succeeded General A. P. Stewart in command of a brigade. He was just recovering from a dangerous wound received at Atlanta the previous July when he entered upon the Tennessee campaign, which ended for him fatally.

General Gist, of South Carolina, was lying dead with his sword still grasped in his hand and reaching across the fatal breastworks. General Granberry of Texas, and his horse were seen on the top of the breastworks,—horse and rider,—dead! I went back to Columbia, hired a negro to make some plain coffins, helped him to put them into a wagon, drove with him about sixteen miles, and buried these brave men,—Strahl, Gist, and Granberry,—under the shadow of the ivy-mantled tower of St. John's Church, Ashwood,—with the services of the Church. Then I returned to the field.

Major-General John C. Brown, General George Gordon, and General Carter were seriously wounded,—the last named, mortally. After ministering to these and many another, I returned to Columbia to

the hospital in the Columbia Institute. Here I found Captain William Flournoy and Adjutant McKinney of the First Tennessee Regiment, both severely wounded. There were hundreds of wounded in the Institute.

I buried Major-General Cleburne from the residence of Mrs. William Polk. A military escort was furnished by Captain Long and every token of respect was shown to the memory of the glorious dead. After the funeral, I rode out to Hamilton Place with General Lucius Polk. There I found General Manigault wounded in the head and Major Prince, of Mobile, wounded in the foot.

Returning to Columbia, I met Captain Stepleton and through him paid the burial expenses of my dear friend, John Marsh,—three hundred dollars. The dear fellow had given me a farewell kiss as he entered the battle. I also gave the Rev. Dr. Pise one hundred dollars and left myself without funds. While in Columbia I sent wagons down to the Webster settlement to procure supplies for our wounded at Franklin.

Having visited the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Columbia, I went with Captain Stepleton towards Franklin. I reached the house of Mr. Harrison, about three miles from Franklin, at dark, and stopped to see my friends, General Carter, General Quarles, Captain Tom Henry, and Captain Matt Pilcher. Captain Pilcher was shot in the side. Captain Henry was wounded slightly in the head. Both

were doing well. General Quarles had his left arm shattered. General Carter was shot through the body and his wound was mortal. I knelt by the side of the wounded and commended them to God. I had prayers with the family before retiring. All that night we could hear the guns around Nashville very distinctly, but all I could learn in the morning was that our lines were within a mile and a half of the city.

The following day was the Second Sunday in Advent, December 4th. I rode to Franklin to see Dr. Buist, the Post Surgeon. All along the way were abundant marks of the terrific battle,—dead horses and burnt wagons,—but at the line of the breastworks near Mr. Carter's house, where the heaviest fighting was done, there was a great number of horses piled almost one upon another. Mr. Carter's son was shot within a few yards of his home. Returning to Mr. Harrison's house with Dr. Buist, who went down to attend to the wounded, I visited them all and had prayers with them. The Doctor and myself returned to Franklin in the evening and William Clouston called and took me to his house for the night.

There I found General Cockrill of Missouri, wounded in the legs and in the right arm but full of life and very cheerful. Lieutenant Anderson, one of his staff, who had lost a part of one foot at Vicksburg, was now wounded in the other. Captain John M. Hickey, in command of a company in a Missouri regiment,

while charging the main lines of the works just in front of the cotton gin, was desperately wounded, his leg being shattered. He fell into the mud and while in this deplorable condition, his left arm was badly broken by a minnie ball and soon afterwards he was shot in the shoulder. With thousands of dead and wounded lying about him, he lay upon the field of battle for fifteen hours, without food, water or shelter, in the freezing cold, and half of that time exposed to the plunging shot and shell of both friend and foe.

I devoted my time while in Franklin, to visiting the hospitals. In one room of Brown's Division hospital, in the Court House, I dressed a goodly number of wounds, after which I went to visit General Cockrill and thence to army headquarters at the residence of John Overton. I met with a most cordial welcome, not only from General Hood, but also from Mr. Overton's family and several ladies from Nashville.

On Wednesday, I rode with Governor Harris to Franklin and thence to Mr. Harrison's, to be with General John C. Carter who was nearing his end. I found General Quarles and Captain Pilcher both doing well. Major Dunlap was also improving. Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina, however, was not doing so well, having had a profuse hemorrhage. On visiting General Carter, I read a short passage of Holy Scripture and had prayers with him for which he thanked me in the most earnest manner. In his lucid moments my conversation

with him was exceedingly interesting. But his paroxysms of pain were frequent and intense and he craved for chloroform and it was freely administered to him.

He could not be convinced that he was going to die. "But," I said, "General, if you should die, what do you wish me to say to your wife?"

"Tell her," he replied, "that I have always loved her devotedly and regret leaving her more than I can express."

I had prayers with all the wounded and with the family of Mr. Harrison, and sat up with General Carter until half past twelve o'clock. Lieutenant-Colonel Jones died some time in the night. General Carter died the following Saturday. I wrote to the Rev. Dr. Pise at Columbia to attend his funeral as his body was to be taken there for temporary burial. It was bitterly cold and the roads were very slippery.

General Carter was a native of Georgia but a citizen of Tennessee. He had been advanced for merit from a lieutenant at the beginning of the war to the command of a brigade. He had a wonderful gentleness of manner coupled with dauntless courage. Every field officer of his brigade but one, was killed, wounded or captured on the enemy's works at the dreadful battle of Franklin.

The following Sunday, (Third Sunday in Advent,) I celebrated the Holy Communion at army headquarters. That night General Forrest shared my bed with me. One of the men remarked: "It was the lion and the lamb lying down together."

The following day, in the Methodist Church at Brentwood, I united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Major William Clare and Miss Mary Hadley, of Nashville. The Major's attendants were Dr. Foard, Medical Director, and Major Moore, Chief Commissary. A large number of officers were present. After the marriage, the party returned to the residence of Mr. Overton where a sumptuous dinner was provided. My empty purse was replenished by a fee of two hundred dollars, besides which a friend sent me, the following morning, fifty dollars in greenbacks.

I left headquarters the following day in Dr. Foard's ambulance for Franklin and on the way picked up a couple of wounded men and carried them to the hospital. We met Governor Harris and Colonel Ray, Secretary of State. I spent the evening at Mrs. Carter's with my friends, Colonel Rice and Captain Tom Henry. The next day I made efforts to purchase shoes for my family. The merchants had hidden their goods and were unwilling to dispose of them for Confederate money. But by offering to pay in greenbacks, I not only secured shoes but all sorts of goods.

Meeting Captain Kelly, of the Rock City Guard, then off duty in consequence of wounds received in the recent battle, I proposed to him to go to Georgia for clothing for the soldiers. To this he agreed and we left for Columbia. While there I attended a meeting of the ladies, the object of which was to organize a Relief Association.

Distressing reports began to come in of a reverse to our arms at Nashville. At first I did not credit them, but later I met Colonel Harvie, the Inspector General, who not only confirmed the very worst of the reports, but expressed both indignation and disgust at the conduct of our troops.

General Lucius Polk sent a buggy for me and I drove out to Hamilton Place and spent the night. The next day, (Fourth Sunday in Advent,) I celebrated the Holy Communion in the parlor at Hamilton Place, and after administering to the company assembled there, carried the consecrated elements to the rooms of General Manigault and Major Prince, that they might also receive the Comfortable Sacrament. In the afternoon I drove back to Columbia and assisted the Rev. Dr. Pise at the marriage of Miss Hages to Major William E. Moore, Chief Commissary of the Army. After this I rode to the residence of Mr. Vaught, where I found General Hood and his staff.

I was glad to find the General bearing up well under the disaster to our arms. It was now a very serious question whether General Hood should hold the line of Duck River, (even if it were possible for him to do so,) or fall back across the Tennessee. One officer remarked to the General in my presence, that while God was on our side so manifestly that no man could question it, it was still very apparent that our people had not yet passed through all their sufferings.

The General replied that the remark was a just one. He had been impressed with the fact at Spring Hill,

where the enemy was completely within our grasp, and notwithstanding all his efforts to strike a decisive blow, he had failed. And now again at Nashville, after the day's fighting was well nigh over, when all had gone successfully until the evening, our troops had broken in confusion and fled.

Early the following morning, General Forrest reached headquarters and advised strongly that General Hood withdraw without delay south of the Tennessee. "If we are unable to hold the state, we should at once evacuate it," were the words of General Forrest. At nine o'clock in the morning, cannonading began at Rutherford Hill. After a couple of hours, word came from General Cheatham that he had repulsed the enemy, and the firing ceased. General Hood finally decided to fall back south of the Tennessee; and Governor Harris, in whose judgment I had great confidence, thought it the best we could do. Still it was a dark day to me, and the thought of leaving the state of Tennessee once more, greatly depressed me.

Tuesday, the 20th of December, was a day of gloominess. I felt in bidding farewell to Columbia, that I was parting with my dearest and most cherished hopes. I recalled the days of our march into Tennessee, so full of delightful intercourse with Strahl, and Marsh and other friends. After saying "good-bye," I rode on to Pulaski, thirty miles, where I was cordially received at the home of Mrs. Ballentine. The next day I baptized six persons there, and later

at the headquarters of General Hood, in the residence of the Honorable Thomas Jones, four of Mr. Jones' children. After this baptism Mr. Jones joined us at prayers in General Hood's room. The General said, "I am afraid that I have been more wicked since I began this retreat than for a long time past. I had so set my heart upon success,—had prayed so earnestly for it,—had such a firm trust that I should succeed, that my heart has been very rebellious. But," he added, "let us go out of Tennessee, singing hymns of praise."

The weather was exceeding inclement. So many of our poor boys were barefooted that there was very great suffering. The citizens of Pulaski did all they could to provide shoes. I dined on Wednesday with Governor Harris, at Major Nathan Adams' and spent the night with Colonel Rice. The General informed me the next day that the enemy effected a crossing of Duck River at Columbia at noon, and began shelling the town. But Forrest told them by flag, that if the shelling were not stopped, he would put their wounded directly under the fire. The firing consequently ceased.

Our forces all moved on towards Bainbridge. General Hood left the following morning. I joined Governor Harris as he was not to be detained en route. We rode thirty miles to a little town called Lexington, where Colonel Rice, Captain Ballentine and myself obtained rough accommodations for the night. The next day, we started for Lamb's Ferry, thinking to

find a boat there, but learned that General Roddy had ordered it to Elk River to cross his command. I therefore had another journey of eighteen miles to make. Just at the close of the day I found my friend, Major-General Clayton, camped by the roadside, and not knowing General Hood's location, I decided to accept General Clayton's very cordial invitation to spend the night with him. It was Christmas eve. After supper the General called up all his staff and couriers and we had prayers.

The next day, Christmas day and Sunday, was very sad and gloomy. I had prayers at General Clayton's headquarters, after which I rode down to the river and watched the work of putting down the pontoons. Some one brought me a Christmas gift of two five dollar gold pieces from Mrs. Thomas Jones of Pulaski.

The following day I crossed the river at nine o'clock. On crossing the river on our forward march, I had sung "Jubilate." Now I was chanting "De Profundis." I joined General Hood at Tuscumbia on the 27th and found the General feeling the disaster more since he reached Tuscumbia than at any time since the retreat began. And after various adventures, I reached Aberdeen on Saturday, the last day of 1864. Though an entire stranger in Aberdeen, I received a most cordial welcome at the home of Mr. Needham Whitfield, whose family were church people. And thus ended the year 1864.

CHAPTER XIII

PERSONAL NARRATIVE — THE CRUMBLING OF THE CONFEDERACY

NEW YEAR'S day fell on a Sunday in 1865. There being no resident priest in Aberdeen, the Vestry of St. John's Church requested me to officiate for them, which I did both morning and evening, having large congregations. And on the following Tuesday, I began holding daily services in the church, which were exceedingly well attended. At the first of these services, I preached on "Earnestness in the Christian Life."

I remained in Aberdeen until the 14th of January, holding daily services, visiting the members of the parish and performing such priestly offices as were desired. Then I left for Columbus, Mississippi, where I had a cordial welcome at the house of Mr. John C. Ramsey, a vestryman of St. Paul's Church. The Bishop of the Diocese, Bishop Green, was making Columbus his home, but was absent at the time and expected to return on the following Monday.

I met the Rev. Mr. Schwrar, of Tennessee, at the Bishop's residence, and on the following Sunday I preached at St. Paul's Church, both morning and night, the services being taken by the Rev. Mr. Schwrar and the Rev. Mr. Bakewell of New Orleans. I held services daily, morning and evening, during that week, at most of which I preached.

At this time the minds of the people of the South were becoming impressed with the idea that the victory and independence of the Confederate States were no longer certain. On the 19th of January, General Hood was relieved of his command and Lieutenant-General Taylor took temporary command. Both officers and privates were holding meetings in the army asking for the return of General Johnston. General Hood deserved well of his country for his bravery, for his devotion, for his energy and enterprise. But the troops longed for General Joseph E. Johnston, the country was crying out for him, and Congress of the Confederate States was demanding that the President restore him to the command of the army of the Tennessee. And I am satisfied that no other man, had he the genius of a Cæsar or a Napoleon, could have commanded that army so well as General Johnston.

On Sunday the 22nd of January, the Rev. John M. Schwrar, Deacon, was advanced to the priesthood in St. Paul's Church, Columbus, by Bishop Green. I presented him for ordination and preached the sermon, from the text: "What shall one then answer the messengers of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion and the poor of His people shall trust in it." Isaiah xiv, 32.

It saddened me to think that, because of the death of Bishop Otey of Tennessee, Mr. Schwrar had need to be ordained outside of the Diocese to which he belonged canonically. But after the close of the war

and I had become Bishop Otey's successor, Mr. Schwrar was one of my most faithful and beloved clergymen, was for several years secretary of the Diocese of Tennessee and missionary in charge of several important places near Memphis. In the epidemic of yellow fever in 1878, he remained bravely at his post and died of the fever.

A few days after the ordination, I met at General Elzy's, Colonel Baskerville, Captain Hudson, James D. B. de Bow and others and we discussed the policy of putting the negroes into the army as our soldiers, and we all agreed to the wisdom of so doing. We also discussed the rumors then current of the readiness of the foreign powers to recognize us on the basis of gradual emancipation. And Mr. de Bow, who was the editor of the "Southern Quarterly Review," stated that Governor Aiken of South Carolina, the owner of over a thousand slaves, had spoken to him more than two years previously in favor of emancipation to secure recognition, and had urged him to employ his pen to bring the subject before the people of the Confederate States.

It was at this time reported that Commissioners had gone from the Confederacy to Washington on a peace mission. I spent Wednesday, the 1st of February, with Colonel Baskerville and with Mr. de Bow, who was of the opinion that we should have peace on the 1st of May. The thought of peace almost made me hold my breath, but I feared that the time was not yet. At the same time the President of the Confed-

erate States appointed a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Llewellyn Hoxton, whom I had presented to Bishop Elliott for confirmation at Shelbyville in 1863, spent a night with me. He belonged to an old Virginia family from Alexandria where he was carefully nurtured in the Church and had instilled into his mind and heart the principles of virtue and religion by the quiet and steady influences of a Christian home. He graduated at West Point, in 1861, just at the time of the breaking out of the war. After reaching Washington, he resigned his commission in the United States army in order that he might go with his state. His resignation was not accepted, but his name was stricken from the roll. He crossed over to Virginia and was ordered by the Secretary of War of the Confederacy, to report to General Polk. He was a most faithful soldier and on many a battlefield displayed conspicuous gallantry.

I was unable to get transportation from Columbus before the 7th of February, and before leaving, Bishop Green handed me an envelope containing two hundred dollars, an offering from a member of St. Paul's Parish. After many annoyances, owing to the crowded state of the trains, I arrived in Meridian. Here I found Captain Frierson of Tennessee. Dr. Foster the Post Surgeon, met me at the railway station and I accepted an invitation to be his guest during his detention at that place. At his quarters, I found a number of Nashville friends—General Maney, Cap-

tain Alexander Porter, Captain Rice, Major Vaulx, Captain Kelly and others.

I visited Colonel Hurt who was commanding Maney's brigade. The brigade was smaller than my old regiment at the beginning of the war. Of all the thousand and more who came out in the First Tennessee Regiment in May, 1861, I found but fifty men remaining. Many had been killed in battle, others had sickened and died, some were "in the house of bondage," and, worst of all, some had deserted their colors.

I left Meridian on Thursday, the 9th of February, for Demopolis, Alabama, where I arrived at three o'clock in the evening. My visit to Demopolis was a pleasant one. While there the report of the Peace Commission was made public. The failure of the commission was used to rally the spirits of the people, who were told that every avenue to peace was closed, excepting that which might be carved out with the sword. But this attempt to raise the drooping spirits of the South failed. The feeble flare of excitement produced by the fiasco of the Peace Commission was soon totally extinguished.

Leaving Demopolis, I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Beckwith to Greensboro, Alabama, to see Bishop Wilmer. During this visit the Bishop held a Confirmation service at which I preached and the offerings, amounting to \$530, were given to me for army missions. After the service a gentleman took me to one

side and stated that several gentlemen of the congregation desired to present me with a slight token of their regard and presented me with \$700. It took me greatly by surprise.

Accompanied by Frank Dunnington, I went to Selma. We put up for the night at a hotel. In the morning I paid for lodging and breakfast \$13. I declined the breakfast. The following day I had the great pleasure of meeting my friend Colonel Harry Yeatman. That morning I visited the Naval Works, and spent some time with Captain Ap Catesby Jones. We had much pleasant chat about our Virginia friends. It seemed strange to find a naval establishment in an inland town or upon the banks of a small river. But the truth is, the Confederate government had learned the wisdom of selecting such places for the manufacture of gunboats and naval ordnance in order that they might be the better protected from the raids of the Federals.

Captain Catesby Jones had accomplished a vast amount of work at this place. He had some four hundred workmen employed, only ninety of whom were white. He had up to the time I visited him, turned out one hundred and ninety guns, besides doing a vast amount of other work for the government. He went through the works with me and showed me the different steps, from the melting of the ore to the drilling of the guns. He was casting the Brooks gun almost exclusively and said that it combined more good points than any other.

While in the office at the Naval Works, Mr. Phillips, of North Carolina, came in to take a look at the works. He was just from Richmond having travelled with Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens as far as Atlanta. He told a story which illustrated Mr. Lincoln's wit, and as we all thought at that time, lack of dignity and perhaps also lack of sympathy with those who were interested in the war on the Southern side.

Mr. Hunter, one of the Commissioners from the South, suggested, during a four hours' interview with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, many instances in history in which governments had treated with insurgents, and mentioned one in the time of Charles I of England. Mr. Lincoln replied: "Seward may know all about the history of that time. All I know is, that Charles I lost his head."

I reached Montgomery by steamer too late Saturday night for the train to Columbus, Georgia. I was therefore obliged to spend Sunday in Montgomery. My expenses on the steamer, exclusive of fare, were twenty-five dollars, to wit: three cups of coffee furnished by one of the servants, fifteen dollars; and "tip" to the boy for waiting on me and caring for my traps, ten dollars.

With the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, I went that night to a meeting of the citizens of Montgomery, called to consider the condition of affairs then existing. The theater in which the meeting was held, was crowded to excess. When we arrived, Governor Watts was addressing the assembled multitude. We could scarce-

ly get standing room. The Governor spoke for more than an hour, made many good points, defended President Davis, and altogether his speech was an able one, practical and thoroughly patriotic. He referred to the different spirit displayed by the people at home from that of the soldiers in the field. He was followed by other speakers and a series of patriotic resolutions was adopted by the people present.

I spent Sunday in Montgomery, preached morning and evening and baptized the son of Lieutenant-General Albert J. Smith. Leaving Montgomery the next morning, I arrived at Columbus, Georgia, at five o'clock in the evening, after an absence of more than three months. I was glad to find my family well.

I took up my work of assisting the Rev. Mr. Hawks as before my departure for Tennessee. The 1st of March was Ash Wednesday and it rained incessantly. I said Morning Prayer and preached for the rector of the parish, who though able to attend the service, was looking very badly. His active labors were evidently at an end. Three weeks later, my former classmate, Dr. Frank Stanford, put him under the influence of chloroform, and operated upon him with a knife, removing a cancer. He bore the operation well, and was present to give his blessing, when on the 5th of April, at the rectory, I united in the bonds of matrimony, Captain John S. Smith, aide-de-camp to General Hood, and Sallie C. Hawks, the reverend gentleman's daughter. And his health con-

tinued reasonably good so long as I remained in Columbus.

During the season of Lent I officiated every Sunday for Mr. Hawks and delivered a course of lectures on "Confirmation." On the 10th of March, Friday and the day appointed by President Davis as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, I preached to a crowded congregation from Isaiah iv, 12. I attended to funerals, baptisms and other parochical duties for Mr. Hawks. Among the baptisms, was that of General Warner, chief engineer of the Naval Works at Columbus. Another was that of Captain Rodolph Morerod, of the Thirty-third Tennessee, Strahl's brigade. He was of Swiss parentage, a native of Indiana and a practicing physician before the war.

Major-General John C. Brown spent an evening with me just before he left to join his command, having recovered sufficiently from the wound received at the Battle of Franklin. He made a full statement to me of his movements at Spring Hill, which satisfied me that his skirts were clear of even a shadow of blame for the neglect of a great opportunity, as is sometimes said. I had always believed it, for he was at once one of the noblest of men and most accomplished of soldiers. I had united him in the bonds of matrimony with Miss Bettie Childress, a little more than a year previously, at Griffin, Georgia, under somewhat romantic circumstances. Invitations had been issued for the wedding to take place at nine o'clock, in the evening of the 23rd of February,

(1864). The groom, accompanied by nine officers of his staff, arrived in Griffin on the 22nd. But the following morning he received a telegram from General Joseph E. Johnston, ordering him to report at once at Rome, Georgia. The officers who were with him were likewise recalled.

General Brown at once sought Miss Childress and laid the case before her.

"You will have to return to your command," she said.

"But not before you are my wife," he replied.

I was in attendance at the hospitals in Griffin at the time and was sent for and married them at one o'clock in the afternoon in the presence of a few friends. The groom said "good by" to his bride and went to the seat of war. Two weeks later he had a leave of absence and with his bride took a wedding journey.

I baptized the children of this marriage, confirmed all but one, performed the ceremony at the marriage of the eldest daughter and officiated at her funeral a year later. I was with the heart-broken father at the death-bed of a second daughter and stood with him at her grave.

Thus I knew General Brown in peace and war, in joy and sorrow, in sunshine and beneath the clouds, and I always knew him as a true man—faithful in all the relations of life, broad-minded and generous, an enterprising citizen, a lawyer, a statesman,—a man always to be depended upon. He had the good

judgment, the force and decision of character, the methodical habit and the fidelity and integrity of purpose which compelled confidence and made success easy. After I became Bishop of Tennessee and especially during his term as Governor of Tennessee, we were warm friends. His death on the 17th of August, 1889, was sudden and unexpected. I was apprised thereof by telegram and hastened to the funeral at Pulaski, Tennessee, where I laid him to rest with the solemn and impressive services of the Church.

At another time we had as our guests Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson of the 154th Tennessee, and Brigadier-General Felix H. Robertson, both nearly recovered from their wounds.

But I received the most distressing news of the death of Mr. Jacob K. Sass, President of the Bank of Charleston and Treasurer of the Council of the Church in the Confederate States of America. He had just escaped from Columbia, South Carolina, before its fall, and died at Unionville. He was one of the noblest laymen of the Church, of large heart and mind, full of love for Christ and the Church,—abundant in labors, earnest-minded and pure-hearted.

Mr. Rhodes Brown one day handed me a brief and pointed note, to the following effect: "To the Rev. Dr. Quintard, for his private use, from a few friends." The note contained \$2500 and was no doubt given to enable me to purchase theological books and I think Mr. Brown was the sole donor.

On Palm Sunday, (April 9th) I brought before the Church people at the services, the importance of establishing an Orphanage and Church Home in Columbus, and gave notice that the offerings on the following Sunday (Easter) would be for that purpose.

On Good Friday it was with great delight that I received into the Church by baptism, my old friend General Washington Barrow, of Nashville. He was one of my earliest friends in that city and always commanded my highest and warmest regard. He had received a classical education, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was American Charge-d'Affaires in Portugal from 1841 to 1844, served in Congress as a Whig from Tennessee, was State Senator in 1860 and 1861, and a member of the Commission that negotiated a Military League between the Southern States on the 4th of May, 1861. He was arrested in March, 1862, by Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, on charge of disloyalty and was imprisoned in the penitentiary at Nashville, but was released the following week by order of President Lincoln. He died in St. Louis, in October, 1866.

Before Easter came, Charleston,—the City by the Sea,—after as gallant a defence as the records of history, ancient or modern, furnish,—had fallen. Columbia had suffered severely from a visit of the Federal forces. Selma, Alabama, had been taken and the larger part of it burned. Finally the rumors that had reached us from time to time, that Richmond had fallen, were confirmed. General Howell Cobb wrote

to the Mayor of Columbus, urging him to do all in his power to arouse the citizens to a sense of their duty, to oppose the arming of the negroes, and to promise from the military authorities all the assistance that could be rendered.

But from the address of President Davis upon the occasion of the fall of Richmond, and from the proclamation of the Governor of Alabama to the people of his state when it was threatened with an invasion of Federal troops, it was evident that hope was dying out in the hearts of the people and that the end of the Confederacy was not far off.

Easter Eve the enemy was in Montgomery and that city was surrendered by the Mayor without an effort at defence. Everything in Columbus was in commotion. The tranquility of the place was not in the least served by the distressing news that was received of the assassination of President Lincoln. Absurd preparations were made for the defence of the city, but it was an insignificant force that could be gathered there.

Thus Easter dawned. The first service of the day was at half-past five in the morning when I celebrated the Holy Communion. There was a very large attendance at this service. Many men were present. It was most solemn and impressive. All hearts were filled with forebodings of what was to come. The enemy was close at hand.

At the second service at half-past ten, I said the Litany and celebrated the Holy Communion. I did

not preach, feeling that it was a time for prayer and supplication only. The offerings as previously announced, were for the Church Home and Orphanage. They amounted to \$33,000.

I stood at the altar for a considerable time administering the sacrament to officers and soldiers who came to receive before going to the field. Among these I recognized General Finley, of Florida, and Lieutenant Green, son of the Bishop of Mississippi. I was deeply touched by seeing an officer who was very devout, kneel at the chancel rail, and then hasten away, equipped for battle, clasping his wife by the hand as he tore himself from her.

At noon the Federal artillery began firing upon the city. The fight for the defence of Columbus was quite a brisk affair. Major-General Howell Cobb was chief in command, his second being Colonel Leon Von Zinken, Commander of the post. Our whole force was less than 4,000, while that of the Federals amounted to some 12,000 or 15,000, under Major-General James H. Wilson. The enemy not only greatly outnumbered our force but was splendidly equipped.

The enemy was twice repulsed, but of course our troops had, before very long, to give way before such superiority of numbers and equipment. About ten and a half o'clock on Monday morning, our troops fell back across the river into the city and beat a hasty retreat on the road to Macon, numbers of them passing by my house.

I had made but little preparation for the coming of the enemy. I had in my possession the money collected at the offertory at the Sunday morning service. This I wrapped up in a piece of rubber cloth and a friend put it in the top of a tall pine tree for me. It may be there yet for aught I know. I had at my house a considerable amount of silver ware. This was rapidly gathered up, put in a sack and lowered into a well. Some battle-field trophies were thrown into another well. About mid-night we retired to rest thinking we might be disturbed at any moment.

But it was not until eight o'clock on Tuesday morning that any of the Federal soldiers put in an appearance. The first man who rode into my front yard was a sergeant of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry. He asked if I had seen any Confederates about there, to which I replied: "Not since last night."

"Which way were they going?" he next inquired.

"Towards Macon."

"Can we get something to eat?"

"Yes, breakfast will soon be ready. Will you walk in?"

He rode off and called a Lieutenant, who rode up, hitched his horse in the front yard, taking the precaution to throw the front gates wide open. As he went up the steps of the porch, I asked him his name. He then gave it as Jones, but after breakfast he told me his name was Freese, which it evidently was.

I had with me as a guest, Mr. Samuel Noble, a very dear friend who had arrived from Selma on Sunday morning. He was a Pennsylvanian, who had been sent South by the Federal government to secure cotton and prevent its being destroyed by the Confederates. At Selma he had fallen under the suspicion of the Federals and after being released by them, was taken up as a spy by our soldiers. He was asked with whom he was acquainted and gave me as his reference. He was accordingly sent on to Columbus in charge of a Lieutenant, who instantly released him upon my recognizing him. He was of great service to me in the emergencies which now arose.

Lieutenant Freese seemed a gentlemanly fellow enough and gave me the following paper for my protection :

I have paid a visit to the house of the Rev. C. T. Quintard, (where Samuel Noble of Pennsylvania is a guest,) for the protection of his person and property. All soldiers will leave everything unmolested until General Wilson can send out a Guard as applied for. This property must remain unmolested.

HENRY H. FREESE,
1st Lieut Co. D. 10th Mo. Cavalry, Volunteer U. S. A.

Armed with this document, Mr. Noble determined to keep out all intruders. Several friends took shelter at my house. Infamous outrages were committed in the presence of ladies at my nearest neighbor's ; and in his effort to protect us, Mr. Noble was twice put in imminent danger, pistols being placed at his head with threats that he would be shot.

So I went to headquarters to secure a guard. A neighbor went with me and a soldier agreed to protect my premises until my return. I called first on General Winslow, with a note from Mr. Noble addressed to both General Winslow and Captain Hodge, his Acting Adjutant-General. Captain Hodge not only treated me with great courtesy, but accompanied me to the office of the Provost Marshal. Not finding the latter as I desired, I determined to call upon General Wilson.

I wrote out a statement of what had transpired at my neighbor's house and sent it in to the General with my card. The General himself came to the door, shook hands with me very cordially and invited me into his room where he introduced me to General McCook.

I asked General McCook to read the statement I had written and he did so. Then rising from his seat and pacing the floor, he said with great warmth: "Doctor, if you could identify these men who have committed this outrage, I would hang them in a minute if I could put my hands on them."

He immediately gave orders to his Adjutant who in turn gave the necessary orders to the Provost Marshal. By this means I secured a guard for my own house and for three of my neighbors. It was to the great relief of my family that I finally returned home, for they feared from my long absence that some mishap had befallen me.

We had a quiet night and I had the good fortune the next morning to save both of my horses. On leaving the breakfast table, I walked out on the front porch, and saw two Federal soldiers putting their saddles on my horses. I called to the Lieutenant in command of the guard, to know if I must give them both up. He came out immediately, buckled on his sword, went to the men, gave them a sound thumping with his sword and ordered them to unsaddle and give up the horses. They at once obeyed and I put the horses in the basement of my house. When an hour later four other soldiers came dashing up expecting to secure my horses, they failed to find them, and Mr. Noble went out and put the intruders off the premises.

A few days later the guards were all called in, the troops having been ordered forward on the road to Macon. A number of stragglers came to the house from time to time and made efforts to enter it, but without success.

One night the torch was applied to the government property, factories, etc., in Columbus. The heavens were brilliantly lighted up and at intervals there were tremendous explosions. The loudest was at one o'clock, when the magazine was fired. It shattered the glass in houses two miles away. All along the river, the enemy left a scene of desolation and ruin. All the bridges were destroyed. The factories, naval works, nitre works, and cotton houses, were all burned. The shops in the town were all pillaged chiefly by the poor of the town. The destruction is said to have involved about fifteen millions of dollars.

CHAPTER XIV

PERSONAL NARRATIVE—THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

FROM Columbus I made my way as best I could with my family, to Atlanta, where I was the guest of my friend Mr. Richard Peters.

The affairs of the Confederacy, its armies, its political organization, had all come to naught. General Thomas and his army had effected a junction with General Grant. Cavalry, infantry and artillery completely surrounded the Confederate forces, whose supply of ammunition was nearly exhausted. Overwhelming circumstances compelled the capitulation of General Lee at Appomattox Court House, on Sunday April 9th, 1865. A few days later occurred the assassination of President Lincoln and that event was followed by the proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of Jefferson Davis and certain other persons,—not as the chief actors in the recent war,—but as *particeps criminis* in that atrocious crime.

In my stay at Atlanta I was brought somewhat in touch with the march of events. On the 20th of May the Honorable Ben Hill was brought to Atlanta. He had been an intimate friend of President Davis and was a man of fine intellect. He bore himself nobly in the then depressing state of affairs. I had a long and most interesting conversation with him. Mr. Mallory, who had been Secretary of the Confederate Navy, seemed to take a pessimistic view of the situation, and told me that his greatest regret was that he had spent

four years of his life in working for a people unfit for independence.

Major-General Howell Cobb, although a paroled prisoner of war, was brought into Atlanta under guard, probably to accompany Mr. Hill and Mr. Mallory to Washington. I had half an hour's conversation with him. He told me that he had no regrets for the past so far as his own conduct was concerned; that he was willing to let his record stand without the dotting of an *i* or the crossing of a *t*; that he felt that the future had nothing in store for him; that he was willing to submit to the United States laws; and that he had no desire to escape from the United States officers.

"Indeed," said he, "were there now two paths before me, one leading to the woods and the other to the gallows, I would rather take the latter than compromise my self-respect by attempting to escape."

On Sunday, the 21st of May, I officiated in the Central Presbyterian Church, Atlanta. There was an immense congregation present. It was made up of about an equal number of Federals and Confederates. Before beginning the service, I made a brief address in which I expressed my views as to the duties of all true men in the then present condition of the country. I said that every man should do his utmost to heal the wounds and to hide the seams and scars of the fratricidal war that had just closed. I told the congregation that I would not use the prayer for the President of the United States at that service, simply

because it had not yet been authorized by the Bishop of the Diocese whose ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the matter I recognized. I then proceeded with the service.

A few evenings later, Major E. B. Beaumont, Adjutant-General on Major-General Wilson's staff, took tea with us. He was from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and an intimate friend of Mr. Peters' relatives in that state. As soon as he reached Macon, he wrote to Mr. Peters requesting him to call on him for any assistance he might be able to render. He was then on his way home on thirty days' leave.

He was a graduate of West Point, and,—like all from that institution with whom I was ever brought in contact,—a gentleman. From him I heard the Federal side of the story of the Columbus fight. I appreciated more than ever how utterly absurd was the attempt on the part of the Confederates to defend the place! We had but a handful of untrained militia and a squad of veterans from the hospitals, against 13,000 of the best disciplined and best equipped troops of the Federal army!

From Atlanta I started for Nashville, accompanied by my family and my friend Mr. Peters, who was most anxious to get to Philadelphia. The railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga had been destroyed but had been re-built as far south as Kingston, Georgia. I found an old friend, the engineer in charge of the work of construction, who gladly received us into his coach and provided us with abounding hospitality.

As there was considerable difficulty in getting through Chattanooga, I called upon the Federal Commander at Kingston, and asked him if he would kindly facilitate my movements. I handed him my passport upon which he endorsed his name and asked me to hand it to an officer in an adjoining room. The latter, to my surprise, provided me with free passes to Nashville. Arrived at Nashville, I was very cordially received at the residence of my friend, Colonel Harry Yeatman. This was on a Friday. The next day, the Rev. W. D. Harlow, then in charge of Christ Church, called upon me. I said to him in the course of our conversation: "I shall be glad to take part with you in the services tomorrow." For the hall, used by my congregation previous to the war, had been taken by the military, in 1862, and converted into barracks, and my congregation was scattered.

"Perhaps you had better not," he said.

"And pray, why not?" I asked.

"The authorities might not like it," he replied.

"Very well," I rejoined, "if they do not like it, let them come and arrest me. I shall not object in the least."

I learned subsequently that he had called upon General Parkhurst of Michigan, then Provost Marshal of Nashville, informed him of my arrival and asked him if I would be permitted to officiate.

"Ah," replied the General, "has the Doctor returned? Where does he officiate? I shall be glad to attend his services."

Later I was called upon to visit the General's wife in sickness and I found myself very busily engaged in visiting the sick and wounded of the Federal forces at Nashville and in burying their dead. For weeks I was in constant attendance in the hospitals and in camp. Gradually I began to realize that I had been unconsciously converted from a Confederate to a Federal Chaplain. When I decided to take my family to New York, I was waited upon by a committee of Federal officers, the chairman of which made a touching address and asked me to accept a purse of gold in token of the high appreciation in which my services had been held by the Federal officers in Nashville. I need hardly say that I was both surprised and gratified.

In those days the railways were in charge of military conductors, the coaches were greatly crowded and it was difficult to obtain seats. But General Parkhurst came to my assistance, sent his adjutant to the railway station to secure seats for me and my family, and placed a guard over them. Thus my family made a very comfortable journey.

On reaching New York, I was most cordially received by my friend the Rev. Dr. Morgan, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, and was invited to preach for him the following Sunday. His was therefore the first church in the North in which I preached or held service of any kind after the war.

I returned to Tennessee on the 1st of September, 1865, and on the 6th of that month, a special con-

vention of the Diocese met in pursuance of the call of the Standing Committee, to elect a Bishop to succeed Bishop Otey, who had died in April, 1863. The convention met in Christ Church, Nashville. On the second day, the convention proceeded to the election. And in the afternoon of that day, the President of the Convention, the Rev. Dr. Pise, announced that the clergy, by an almost unanimous vote, had nominated me for that high office.

The laity retired to consider the nomination and soon returned and reported that they had ratified the same. The President thereupon announced that I had been duly elected Bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee. With my consecration in St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, in the presence of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, on Wednesday, the 11th of October, 1865, I felt that the war between the states was indeed over.

CHAPTER XV

A LONG EPISCOPATE

THE consecration of Dr. Quintard to the Episcopate of Tennessee was of peculiar significance in the history of the Church in the United States. The consecration took place at the first meeting of the General Convention after the close of the war. At that convention all doubts as to the mutual relations of the Northern and Southern Dioceses were dispelled. The latter had never been dropped from the roll of the General Convention, notwithstanding the fact that pending the war they had been forced by the exigencies of the case, to withdraw from the Northern Dioceses and organize the "Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States of America." They were still regarded as constituent members of the American National Church. Each day of the convention meeting in 1862, the Southern Dioceses had been called in their proper turn, beginning with Alabama; and though absent, their right to be present was never questioned. Still the question must have arisen in the minds of many of the Southern Churchmen as to how far this feeling might extend among the Church people of the North.

With the General Convention meeting in Philadelphia in October came the opportunity for the Church and the Church people of the North to express clearly their feelings towards their Southern brethren; and this they did, first, by the cordial welcome extended

to the two southern Bishops present, and to the clerical and lay deputies in attendance from three Southern Dioceses; secondly, by the ratification of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wilmer to the Episcopate of Alabama, which had taken place in 1862, at the hands of Southern Bishops acting wholly independently of the Church in the North; and thirdly, by the almost unanimous vote upon the report made to the House of Deputies on the Consecration of the Bishop-elect of Tennessee, wholly ignoring the especially conspicuous official position he had held in the Confederate army and the prominent part he had taken in the affairs of the Church in the Confederate States. His consecration, therefore, furnished a very significant act by which to crown the work of reunion of the Northern and Southern Dioceses.

The service of Consecration was, in dignity of ritual, quite in advance of the times. Dr. Quintard prepared himself therefor, by a vigil held in the Church of St. James-the-Less. The Consecrator was the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hopkins, Bishop of Vermont and Presiding Bishop of the Church in the United States. Five other Bishops of Northern Dioceses united in the act of Consecration, as did also the Rt. Rev. Francis Fulford, D.D., Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, whose presence "contributed to a growing sense of the unity of the Church throughout the whole American continent."

In the history of the Diocese of Tennessee, the consecration of a second Bishop marked, of course, a dis-

tingent and important epoch. That Diocese had met with other losses than that of her ante-bellum Bishop. The war had swept away to a large extent, the results of his work and that of his clergy. All the horrors of war had been visited upon the State and Diocese. Churches had been mutilated and destroyed and congregations had been scattered. The effects of the war were very deeply impressed upon the mind of the new and young Bishop in the first series of visitations made by him in his Diocese,—a sad and laborious journey beginning in November, 1865. The evidences of devastation were fresh and visible on every side. In some places, where before there were promising parishes and missions, there was no fit building left standing in which services could be held. Only three churches in the whole Diocese were uninjured and very few were fit for occupation. Many were in ruins. The returns from two of the parishes showed similarly severe inroads upon congregations. In one of these there remained 65 out of 147 communicants reported before the war. In the other, ten only remained out of 65 previously reported.

The Bishop never faltered as he confronted conditions which foretold the anxious care, the exhausting labors, the weary journeys, the disappointments, the fears and the griefs the coming years were to bring. It was with the utmost cheerfulness that he took up the burdens of the Episcopate, and in gathering up the *disjecta membra* of the Church in Tennessee and in strengthening the things that remained,

Bishop Quintard was a marvel. In labors, in journeyings and in "the care of all the churches," he was truly an Apostle,—not a step behind any of the heroes of the American Missionary Episcopate. His jurisdiction, though nominally a Diocese, was virtually a Missionary District in all respects save that it never received its due proportion of the Church's funds devoted to Missionary enterprises.

With far-sighted statesmanship, Dr. Quintard perceived in 1865, that the Church's effectiveness could be enhanced by the Division of the Diocese of Tennessee and the establishment of the See Episcopate in the three chief cities,—Memphis, Nashville and Knoxville. And from that time on, a division of the Diocese that would increase the efficiency of the work of the Church therein, was kept constantly before the minds of the people. But strange to say, the very arguments used in support of the plea for the relief needed, were made the excuse for not granting it. "It is impossible for the Church to grow in such a large territory under the supervision of a single bishop, let him work never so hard nor so wisely," constantly pleaded the Diocese of Tennessee. "The Church is not growing fast enough in the Diocese of Tennessee to warrant a division of that Diocese and an increase of Episcopal supervision therein," was the invariable reply. And so it was not until five years before the Bishop's death,—not until after he had worn himself out by his efforts to perform single-handed the work of three Bishops in his diocese,—not until after

repeated illness had warned him that he must have relief,—that a Coadjutor was elected and consecrated for him.

The wide-spread popularity of Dr. Quintard, his personal magnetism and the large-hearted charity he had manifested in time of war, were not without their effect for a time upon the work he had undertaken. Wherever he appeared there flocked to meet him his old friends of the camp and battle-field. They felt that the religion he preached, having stood the test of adversity in war-time, was a good religion for times of peace,—a good religion to rule the every-day business of life. They readily yielded in large numbers to his persistent appeals to them to confess Christ before men. In his record of official acts published in the Diocesan Journal from year to year, he noted such gratifying incidents as the baptism and confirmation at his hands of some of the officers and men with whom his acquaintance had begun on the battle-field or in camp. In the few months that elapsed between his consecration and the meeting of his first Diocesan Convention, 314 persons were confirmed by him in Tennessee, and that number was a good yearly average of his confirmations for nearly thirty-three years; and his 470 confirmations, 152 sermons and 112 addresses, reported to the convention in 1867, for the first full year of his Episcopate, were a sample of the pace he set for himself at the beginning of his Episcopate.

But as before the war, Bishop Otey in an Episcopate of little less than twenty-nine years, discovered that there was a remarkable tendency among churchmen to move away from Tennessee, so it was after the war, as Bishop Quintard was to find. Bishop Otey confirmed more than 6,000 persons in Tennessee, yet the Diocese never numbered more than 3,500 communicants before the war arrested its development. Many of those whom the ante-bellum bishop confirmed took their way, like the Star of Empire, westward, and began to colonize the Dioceses of Missouri, Texas and California. Bishop Quintard, by actual count, confirmed more than 12,000 persons, and yet his Diocese was never, to the day of his death, able to count 6,000 communicants.

Despite the difficulties of the field in which it was given him to labor for the upbuilding of the Church, the Bishop was in the forefront of every movement which went on in the Church in the latter part of the nineteenth century. He was a pioneer in the adoption of the Cathedral system in the American Church. He was among the first to utilize the work of the Sisterhoods in the administration of Diocesan charitable institutions. With his refined and cultivated tastes, it was natural that he should give attention to the improvement of ecclesiastical architecture in his Diocese. And he was a leader in the work of the Church for the negro. In 1883, a conference of bishops, presbyters and laymen was held in Sewanee, to consider the relations of the Church to the colored people of the

South. A canon was proposed for the organization of work among colored people, which, when it came before the General Convention, was known as "the Sewanee Canon." It was never adopted by the General Convention but the work among the negroes in Tennessee was organized in accordance with its suggestions.

In the list of the American Episcopate, Bishop Quintard's name is the seventy-fifth. It is an unusual name, especially conspicuous by beginning with an unusual letter. These may seem trivial circumstances to receive mention here, but the fact is that they seem significant of the striking position which the Bishop held among his brethren, of the peculiarities of his personality, and of the attention he attracted to himself throughout the country. He was, as has been seen, a link between the ante-bellum and the post-bellum Bishop. He was likewise a link between the clergymen of the old school and those of the new. It is curious to those who knew him later than 1870, to see him represented in the portraits taken soon after his elevation to the Episcopate, wearing the "bands,"—the surviving fragment of the broad collars worn in Milton's time. He probably gave them up about the time of his first visit to England in 1867. He must have been among the first in America to wear his college hood when officiating. For it is related that after he had officiated on one occasion in a Church in Connecticut, a lady was heard to exclaim in great indignation, "The idea of that Southern

V Bishop coming to this church and wearing a Rebel flag on his back !”

In sympathy with the Oxford movement in the Church of England, he was a leader in that movement as it affected the Church in America, and so was called a “High Churchman,” at a time when that term was of somewhat different application from what it is now. And he was then called a “Ritualist,” and was regarded as an extremist though at the present day he would be considered a very moderate ritualist.

He was always a welcome visitor in all parts of the country and people not only delighted to hear him preach but especially enjoyed social intercourse with him. His conversation was extremely entertaining, partly because of the breadth of his experiences in times of war and in times of peace ;—as a traveller in England and as the hard-working Bishop of a Southern Diocese, but also because his talk scintillated with wit and quick repartee.

When some one in New York asked him why he had named a Church at Sewanee, “St. Paul’s-on-the-Mountain,” he answered : “Sewanee is Cherokee Indian for ‘Mother Mountain,’ and you know St. Paul preached on *Mars* Hill.” On another occasion a man was attempting to argue with him in regard to what he chose to call “the use of forms” in the Church. “Well,” said the Bishop, “you know that when the earth was without form, it was void ; and that is the way with many Christians.”

The Bishop enjoyed a reputation as a pulpit orator that became wider than national. His voice was "as musical as the lute and resonant as a bugle." The Southern newspapers between 1868 and 1875 praised his eloquence and noted the fact that, in spite of his belonging to a school of thought not altogether popular in the South at that time, people of all shades of opinion thronged the churches to hear him preach. He was a ready extemporaneous speaker, yet his sermons were for the most part carefully prepared and written out and delivered from the manuscript. Some of them became widely known through many repetitions, and not a few became famous. One of these had a history the Bishop was as fond of telling as he was of repeating the sermon.

It was known as the "Bishop's Samson Sermon," and was from the text, "I will go out as at other times and shake myself." (Judges xvi, 20.) When first delivered in one of the parishes of Tennessee, the Bishop was informed by a disgusted hearer that it was "positively indecent," and not fit to be preached before any congregation. Consequently the sermon was "retired" until it was almost forgotten. Some time afterward, however, it was by accident included among sermons provided for use on one of the Bishop's series of visitations; and when discovered with his homiletic ammunition, the Bishop read it over carefully but without finding anything in it that could be characterized as indecent. So he determined to "try it again." It made a deep and whole-

some impression upon the minds of those who then heard it.

He preached it one Sunday night in Christ Church, St. Louis, and after the service a gentleman said to him, "Bishop, if you will preach that sermon here to-morrow night, I will have this church full of men to hear you." The sermon was accordingly preached the following night and the gentleman kept his promise.

The sermon was preached at Trinity College, Port Hope, Canada; at West Point, before a congregation of cadets; at Sewanee, Tennessee, before successive classes of students of The University of the South;—it was preached everywhere the Bishop went,—usually at some one's request who had heard it before and who wanted the impression made on his mind at the first hearing, renewed. Numberless were the letters received by the Bishop telling him of hearing that sermon and of good resulting from it.

In his repeated visits to England, Bishop Quintard enjoyed a distinction never before, and rarely since, accorded to any member of the American Episcopate. The first of these visits was made in 1867 in order that he might be present at, and participate in, the meeting of the first Pan-Anglican or Lambeth Conference. He attended subsequent conferences up to 1897, a few months before his death. At each of these visits he was the recipient of an unusual amount of attention from English Bishops and from the English people of every rank and he revolutionized the opinions of the Englishmen of that day as to Ameri-

ca and Americans. The English newspapers were captivated by his powers in the pulpit. One of the Liverpool daily papers said that "the Bishop of Tennessee speaks English better than an Englishman and preaches with the fire and clearness of Lacordaire."

One of the leading London papers devoted two editorial columns to a description of him and said; "The Bishop of Tennessee is the first American we ever heard whose speech did not bewray him." "His exterior is impressive." "His voice strong and searching and his enunciation deliberate." "His well-turned sentences are like solid carved mahogany." "He is a type of the highest average of the American public man." "His sermon was in every sense sufficient, strong, well-knit and balanced, and adequately emotional, while never falling short of the full dignity of the preacher's office and evident character. If the Church in America has many such Bishops it is indeed a living, efflorescent, healing branch of the great tree, which, according to Dr. Quintard, has never withered a day in England since the epoch of the Apostles."

He was a guest of the Bishop of London at Fulham Palace; was present at his ordination examinations and took part with him in the ordination of twenty-five priests and nineteen deacons in the famous Chapel Royal, Whitehall; at the invitation of the Bishop of London, he preached the first sermon at the special evening services in St. Paul's Cathedral; he officiated at the service at the laying of the cor-

ner stone of the church of St. Paul, Old Brentford,—the stone being laid by H. R. H. Mary Adelaide, Princess of Teck; he laid the foundation stone of St. Chad's Church, Haggston, London; he was present with Bishops from the far-away South Sea Islands, from Canada, and elsewhere, at the laying of the foundation stone of Keble Memorial College, Oxford; he reopened the restored parish church of Garstag; he assisted the Archbishop of York and preached the sermon at the consecration of the Church of St. Michael, Sheffield; he assisted the Archbishop of York at the parish church, Sheffield, where a class, numbering six hundred, was confirmed; he administered the Apostolic rite for the Bishops of London and Winchester; and on the invitation of the Bishops of Oxford and Ely, took part in their Lenten Missions in 1868.

A second visit was made in 1875-6. His reception by the Most Rev. the Archbishops, the Rt. Rev. the Bishops, the clergy and the laity of the English Church was all that could be asked. On two occasions he administered the Apostolic rite of Confirmation for the Lord Bishop of London and on two occasions held confirmations at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He assisted the Archbishop of York also at the confirmation of more than 500 candidates presented in one class.

By the invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he participated in the opening services of the Convocation of Canterbury and was the first Bishop of the

Church, not a member of the Convocation, to be admitted to that service. The service was held in the Chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey.

He assisted at the opening service of Keble College, Oxford, the laying of the foundation stone of which he had witnessed eight years before. He united, with Bishops of the Anglican Communion from England and Africa, in the consecration, in St. Paul's Cathedral, of a Bishop for Asia,—the Rt. Rev., Dr. Mylne, Bishop of Bombay.

He visited the continent also and Scotland; attended the Church Congress at Stoke-upon-Trent; and assisted at the Consecration of the Cathedral of Cumbræ, in the Diocese of Argyle and the Isles. Returning to England he was again present at the opening of the Convocation of Canterbury. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge on the occasion of this visit.

He was again in England in 1881 and attended, by invitation, the funeral of Dean Stanley, (July 25th). On the invitation of the Queen's Domestic Chaplain, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley, he preached in the Chapel Royal, Windsor, on Sunday, August 14th. No American had ever previously been invited to preach in this chapel. He took for his text on that occasion: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" (Jeremiah xii: 5.)

In these three visits, therefore, the Bishop performed every service appertaining to the Episcopal office. Such experiences were absolutely unique for an American Bishop at that time. It had often been asserted that the Bishops and clergy of the Church in America were not permitted to officiate in the Church of England. These visits of the Bishop not only gave him an extended acquaintance among the Bishops and clergy and prominent laity of the English Church, but changed the relations between them and the American Church, so that the latter has since been held in higher regard by the Church of England. How much this was influential in leading up to the present amicable relations existing between England and America, it is not necessary for us to inquire, though doubtless such an influence might be taken into account in tracing up the history of the present Anglo-American alliance.

In 1887 the Bishop was in England and was present by invitation of the Dean of Westminster, in the Abbey at the Queen's Jubilee. He assisted at an anniversary service of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in the Chapel Royal, Savoy. As a Chaplain of the Order, he attended a meeting in the Chapter House, Clerkenwell Gate. The following year, as Chaplain of the Order, he assisted at the Installation of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, (now Edward VII), as Grand Prior of the Order of St. John, in succession to the Duke of Manchester, who for twenty-five years had held the office.

He was also in attendance, in 1888, at the Lambeth Conference, was the guest of the Archbishop at Lambeth Palace, and assisted at the consecration of two Bishops. With the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, he was presenter of one of them,—the Rev. Dr. Thicknesse, consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Leicester, in the Diocese of Peterborough.

CHAPTER XVI

BISHOP QUINTARD AND SEWANEE

The enthusiasm with which Bishop Quintard, immediately after his consecration, took up and pushed forward whatever promised to be of spiritual benefit to the people of the South, was characteristic of the man. Especially attractive to him was the scheme set forth in the address by Bishop Polk to the Bishops of the Southern Dioceses, published in 1856, emphasizing the importance of building up an educational institution upon broad foundations, for the promotion of social order, civil justice, and Christian truth; to be centrally located within the Southern States. The scheme had been formulated and developed by its projector and originator, Bishop Polk; and "The University of the South" was duly organized in 1857. A liberal charter was secured from the State of Tennessee; title was acquired to a domain of nearly ten thousand acres of land upon the top of Sewanee Mountain; the corner-stone of a main college building was laid; and pledges of an endowment amounting to half a million of dollars were obtained before the war broke out.

In the fall of 1865, before his election to the Episcopate, Dr. Quintard met upon a train between Nashville and Columbia, the Rev. David Pise, a prominent presbyter of the Diocese of Tennessee, and Secretary of the Board of Trustees of The University of the South as it was organized before the war. On the

same train was Major George R. Fairbanks, of Florida, a lay Trustee on said Board. The conversation of these three gentlemen was upon the proposed University. The magnificent domain secured for that institution, it was asserted, would revert to its donors unless the proposed University were in operation within ten years of the date of the donation, that is, in 1868. Dr. Quintard pledged himself not only to save the domain, but to revive the scheme for the University and to establish such an institution of learning as Bishop Polk, Bishop Otey, and others had in view when The University of the South was organized in 1857.

The day that he took his seat for the first time in the House of Bishops, Dr. Quintard entered into correspondence with the Rev. John Austin Merrick, D.D., a "man of godly and sound learning," and offered to meet him in Winchester, Tennessee, on a specified day; to go with him to Sewanee and see what might be done toward carrying out the educational enterprise which was intended to mean so much to the Southern people, and which meant all the more to them in the condition in which the war had left them.

The way for such a movement had been prepared at the special convention of the Diocese of Tennessee at which Dr. Quintard had been elected Bishop. Reviving a measure that had evidently been adopted in 1861, at the last convention over which Bishop Otey had presided, (the journal of this convention was lost in the printing office to which it was committed for publication,) the special convention of 1865 appoint-

ed a committee to take measures for establishing, (with the concurrence of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the University,) a Diocesan Training and Theological School upon the University domain. Dr. Quintard, as Bishop-elect, had made sure that the war had not impaired the charter, nor up to that time, the title to the domain; even though it had swept away the endowment, and though soldiers of both armies, marching over the mountain and encamping about the spot, had amused themselves by blowing up the corner-stone laid in 1860, and making out of the fragments trinkets for their sweet-hearts.

In the course of his first series of visitations throughout his immense Diocese, in March 1866, Bishop Quintard arrived in Winchester, and there met the Rev. Dr. Merrick, the Rev. Thomas A. Morris, rector of the church in Winchester, and Major George R. Fairbanks. Accompanied by these gentlemen he ascended the mountain, visited "University Place," (Sewanee,) and found shelter and a most cordial hospitality in a log cabin occupied by Mr. William Tomlinson. He selected locations for buildings for the Diocesan Training School and a site for a chapel. In the evening he erected a rustic cross about twelve feet in height, upon the latter site, which is the exact spot whereon now stands the oratory of St. Luke's Hall. Gathered around the cross with the Bishop and his companions, were members of Mr. Tomlinson's household, a few mountaineers and some negro workmen. The Nicene Creed was recited and the Bishop knelt

down and prayed God to give to those who were then engaging in a great enterprise, "grace both to perceive and know what things they ought to do, and strength faithfully to fulfill the same." The woods rang with the strains of "Gloria in Excelsis." It was a scene worthy of association with those of the sixteenth century, where discoverers and Conquistadores preempted new lands by planting a cross and claiming the territory for their king and for the Church. Thus was the domain at Sewanee reclaimed for the King of Kings and for the cause of Christian education.

The site selected for the University in ante-bellum times was ideal for the purpose to which it was consecrated. Sewanee is on a spur of the Cumberland Mountains, — a plateau some two thousand feet above the level of the sea and about one thousand feet above the surrounding valleys. The scenery is of unparalleled grandeur with many points of picturesque beauty, — primeval forests, cliffs, ravines and caves, — immediately at hand. The climate is of such a character as to exempt the residents from malarial or pulmonary troubles. It is especially adapted to the requirements of a school whose terms were to be held in the summer months and with mid-winter vacations, to suit the convenience of a southern population whose home life was more or less likely to be broken up in the summer.

The conception of a grand landed domain as an important feature in the planning and planting of an in-

stitution of learning, was at that time quite unusual in America. Colleges and universities had previously looked to populous centers and environment to build them up and sustain them. The University of the South deliberately chose to go out into the wilderness and create therein its own environment. The site had been carefully studied by Bishop Hopkins, who was an accomplished architect and landscape gardener, and who had it mapped, and had a tentative scheme of buildings designed for it upon the models of the English Universities.

In furtherance of the enterprise, Bishop Quintard accepted the tender of a lease, for educational purposes, of a school property in Winchester, twelve miles from Sewanee, at the foot of the mountains; and there established "Sewanee College," with Major Fairbanks as President of the Board of Trustees, and with Rev. F. L. Knight, D. D., and a competent faculty in charge. Although this Collegiate Institute was formally opened and remained in operation for a time, the Bishop found it too expensive for him to maintain; and so, as the University developed, he gave up the lease of the Winchester property and concentrated his efforts upon the work at Sewanee.

He made immediate efforts to collect funds to advance the work of building up the Diocesan Training School. He recorded with deep gratitude the gift of \$1000 and of a handsome communion service from Mrs. Barnum of Baltimore. The following May, out of funds thus early collected, a building was erected

and called "Otey Hall." That summer the Bishop and Major Fairbanks erected residences near Otey Hall and removed their families to Sewanee.

The Episcopal residence at Sewanee was at first a log dwelling-house. This was improved and added to until it assumed the character of what the Bishop was wont to call "the cucumber-vine style of architecture," and acquired the name of Fulford Hall, in commemoration of the Canadian Metropolitan who had participated in the Bishop's consecration. Memphis had been made the residence of Bishop Otey in the latter part of his Episcopate, and as the work at Sewanee increased and that place became widely known and its importance recognized, the Memphians regarded it with some jealousy and sought to secure the person of the Bishop by providing a residence for him in that city on the western borders of the Diocese. The Bishop accordingly adopted Memphis as his winter residence. But his work at Sewanee was too dear to his heart to permit his abandoning his home there, — as much as a Bishop could be said to have a home anywhere. And so while Memphis became officially the ecclesiastical capital of his Diocese, he strove earnestly to make Sewanee the scholastic, and, to some extent, the ecclesiastical capital of all the Southern Dioceses, and in great measure he succeeded.

It would be impossible to estimate the value of the Bishop's thus fixing his residence at Sewanee, not only to the work of building up the University, but in its influence upon the cause of Christian education. For

The University of the South "has been built up upon men, not upon things." The faith, the enthusiasm and the personal magnetism of Bishop Quintard drew around him at Sewanee a band of high-minded and consecrated clergymen and laymen of fine scholarship and noble aims. Thus was realized the idea of Bishop Polk, who, when on one occasion he was asked in reference to the apparently isolated location of the University, "Where will you get your society?" replied, "We will make it; and not only so, but we will surround our University with such a society as is nowhere else possible in this land."

The tone, the temper, the social and religious atmosphere of Sewanee came from Bishop Quintard more than from anyone else. For the first twenty years of the University's existence at least, it could almost be said that Bishop Quintard was Sewanee and that Sewanee was Bishop Quintard; and throughout that period Fulford Hall was the visible center of Sewanee life. Into it the Bishop gathered the spolia of his travels, rich art treasures, rare and valuable books and autographs, and made it a most interesting place to visit. When the building was destroyed by fire in June, 1889, most of its interior attractions were saved from the flames through the energetic efforts of the students of the University, and the elegant building which replaced it, retains the name of Fulford Hall. Therein the Bishop passed the last years of his life. It is still the residence of the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Bishop Elliott of Georgia, the senior Bishop of the Southern Dioceses, was likewise deeply interested in the University and was ex-officio Chancellor. At the suggestion of Bishop Quintard, he called a meeting of the Board of Trustees to be held at "University Place" in October, 1866. It was attended by the Bishops of Georgia, Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee, respectively, together with several clerical and lay members of the Board who unanimously resolved that the work of establishing the University be prosecuted. Bishop Quintard was appointed a Commissioner to solicit funds for the erection of plain but substantial buildings, in order that the University might begin its work at the earliest possible date. He accordingly made a trip to New Orleans where he held services in all the churches and made an earnest appeal at every service to the church people of that city to carry on the work in which the first Bishop of Louisiana had been so deeply interested.

He was able to report the results of his visit to New Orleans, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held at a private residence in Montgomery, Alabama, in February, 1867. Bishop Elliott had died in December, 1866, and Bishop Green, of Mississippi, had succeeded him in the Chancellorship of the University. Bishop Quintard's report to the Board was of such a character that the Board proceeded to the reorganization of the University forthwith. The Bishop offered Otey Hall, at Sewanee, which was capable of accommodating a goodly number of students, as part of the

property of the University, on condition that the Board adopt the Diocesan Training School (for which the building had been intended,) as the Theological Department of the University, and the offer was accepted. The actual establishment of the Theological Department was delayed, however, for nearly ten years and until more favorable opportunities offered.

The deliberations of the Board upon the question of the most feasible plan for beginning work, resulted in the recommendation that a Vice-Chancellor be elected, and that this officer be charged with the duty of soliciting subscriptions and otherwise advancing the interests of the University. Bishop Quintard was thereupon elected Vice-Chancellor and Major Fairbanks was appointed Commissioner of Lands and Buildings to act as General Agent and Business Manager; to be associated with the Bishop in the work of soliciting subscriptions; to reside at the University site; and, under the direction of the Executive Committee, to have charge of all business affairs of the University.

No more efficient officers could have been selected, and with this action of the Board, the University scheme might be said to have been fairly launched. Of the trials and antagonisms the Bishop was to meet with in his work, there is no need to speak now. It was no easy matter to solicit funds for this project at that time. Not only had the South been impoverished by the war, but the Southern people had not become fully acquainted with the changed condition of

their affairs, and did not fully appreciate the value of a plan to educate their sons and make the best citizens of them.

In June, 1867, at the request of the Trustees, the Bishop made an attempt to raise funds for the erection of additional buildings, confining his efforts to the state and Diocese of Georgia. Early in August the corner-stone of St Augustine's Chapel was laid by Bishop Green, in the presence of a concourse of clergy and laity. The occasion was signalized by a dignity of ceremonial befitting the prospective magnitude of the undertaking. The function began with a celebration of the Holy Communion in the portion of Otey Hall then used as a chapel. The Bishops and clergy moved in solemn procession to the spot selected. The Doctors wore hoods expressive of their degrees. A scholastic as well as an ecclesiastical tone was thereby given to the function, and from that time forward The University of the South conformed in the details of its regulations to the models set by the English Universities. In 1871, the University, then in full working order, adopted the cap and gown for the distinctive uniform of its advanced students, divided the Academic Department into Juniors and Gownsmen, and provided rich robes for the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor. In these respects it was quite in advance of other institutions of learning in America, though its customs have since grown in favor with other and older universities. Still it was possible for some one who attended the commencement in 1891, to write:—

"Probably nowhere else in America is there any such formal and stately collegiate ceremony as at Sewanee."

In 1867, the Bishop being in England, he consented at the earnest solicitation of his friends, to spend the winter there, and to do what he could to promote the cause of the University. The influential friends he made in England took up with enthusiasm a movement which resulted in such liberal offerings that the University was enabled to start afresh with most encouraging prospects of final and complete success.

The Rev. Frederick W. Tremlett, of St Peter's Church, Belsize Park, London, inaugurated the movement and a committee was appointed which issued a circular inviting subscriptions. The committee consisted of the Archbishop of York, the Earl of Carnarvon, Viscount Cranbourne, (afterwards Lord Salisbury,) the Lord Bishop of Oxford, Earl Nelson, Lord John Manners, the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone and others. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Campbell Tait, in a letter, expressed his deepest interest in the project and subscribed twenty-five pounds toward it. The Archbishop of York, and Bishops of the Anglican Communion from all part of Her Majesty's realms, expressed a like sympathy. Among the subscribers were names of great distinction both in state and church. Considerably more than ten thousand dollars was thereby raised, and with this sum the Bishop returned to America. Much needed buildings were erected in Sewanee, and on the 18th of September, 1868, as Vice-Chancellor, the Bishop formally

opened the Junior Department of The University of the South. Thus after twelve years of labor and anxiety, of disappointment and sorrow,—after the death of Bishops Polk, Otey, Elliott, Rutledge and Cobbs,—all of them actively interested in the project for building a Church University of the first class in the South that would in some degree do for our country what the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have so well done for England and the civilized world,—The University of the South began its work for God and our land. That day has since been annually observed at Sewanee as “Foundation Day.”

Among the men who were early attracted to the work at Sewanee, were Brigadier-General Josiah Gorgas, (who had been head of the Confederate Ordnance Department, and became at first head-master of the Junior Academic Department of the University, and was afterward made Vice-Chancellor;) Brigadier-General F. A. Shoup, (who was now the Rev. Professor Shoup, acting-chaplain and Professor of Mathematics;) General E. Kirby-Smith; and Colonel F. T. Sevier, the Bishop's old friend of the First Tennessee Regiment, who became Commandant of Cadets and head-master of the Grammar School. For it was but natural that the military feature of the school should commend itself to men who had just passed through war and had seen the benefit of military discipline upon life and character. These men felt that a higher duty awaited them at the close of the war, than trying to make money,—that the training of the

youths of the land as Christian citizens was of paramount importance,—and they gave themselves up to that educational work.

The splendid sacrifice of these and others set high the standard of the University and invested it with a poetic beauty and a sacredness that dwells there still. “Nowhere in the South,” said Charles Dudley Warner, in 1889, “and I might say, nowhere in the Republic, have I found anything so hopeful as The University of the South.” “Of the wisdom of founding this University,” said a visitor who spent the summer of 1878 at Sewanee, “no one would question after a single visit here. Its highest development is yet to be obtained. Its present standard is equal to the best, but its aims are to reach the highest and best culture obtainable. It is slowly and surely reaching forward and satisfactorily filling the measure of its allotted work. . . . It is difficult to explain to one who has had no opportunity for a personal observation, how many excellent formative influences are here combined. . . . Everything here promotes a feeling of reverence and respect for sacred things. The presence and influence of men of high standard in Church and state, whose example is potent for good. . . . The book of nature is always open here to the investigations of the geologist, the botanist, and the student of natural history. . . . The physical education goes on with that of the intellect; an invigorating atmosphere strengthens the capacity. . . . The various gymnastic and military exercises give a

clear complexion, an elastic step and a noble carriage ; and then mind and body, acting in healthy unison, fill out the measure of a well rounded man."

Bishop Quintard's ideals regarding the University to the upbuilding of which he was giving the most valuable years of his life, were shadowed forth in his words to the Convention of his Diocese in 1874, in referring to the meeting of the Board of Trustees which he had attended the previous year. "It is the aim and purpose of any true system of education to draw out, to strengthen and to exhibit in active working, certain powers which exist in man,—planted, indeed, by God, but latent in man until they shall have been so drawn out. Education is not the filling of a mind with so much knowledge, though, of course, it includes the imparting of knowledge. As education is the drawing out of the dormant powers of the whole man, it must in its highest sense be commensurate with the whole man. The body must be trained by healthful exercise, the mind or thinking power, must be drawn out and strengthened, and finally a heart must be sanctified and a will subdued. It is the aim and object of The University of the South to give to its students every advantage,—physical, mental and moral ; to develop a harmonious and symmetrical character ; to fit and prepare men for every vocation in the life that now is, where we are strangers and sojourners ; and to teach all those things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health. The

momentous and concerning truth that intellectual power unrestrained and unregulated by sound moral and religious principle tends only to mischief and misery in our race, has been in the educational systems of the age, almost overlooked."

The heroic struggle the University was making, began to attract admiring attention. Gifts began to flow into it,—small as compared with those that have been given to the cause of education in these later days, but large when the impoverished condition of the South from which many of them came, is taken into consideration. And not only was the continued existence of the University guaranteed, but its ultimate success was assured.

The responsibility and work devolving upon the Vice-Chancellor of a University, even in its nascent stages, were too great a burden when added to the cares of a large and exacting Diocese, and Bishop Quintard resigned the office of Vice-Chancellor in 1868 in order that some one else might be elected to fill that position. An effort to secure the valuable services of General Robert E. Lee, for the University, resulted in the following letter:—

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VA., 23 Sept., 1868.

RT. REV'D. AND DEAR SIR —Absence from Lexington has prevented me until to-day from replying to your kind interesting letter of the 20th of August last. I have followed with deep interest the progress of The University of the South from its origin, and my wishes for its success have been as earnest as my veneration for its founders and respect for its object have been

sincere. Its prosperity will always be to me a source of pleasure, and I trust that in the Providence of God its career may be one of eminent benefit to our country. That it has survived the adverse circumstances with which it has been surrounded and has surmounted the difficulties with which it has had to contend, is cause of great rejoicing to me, and I am glad to learn that it has so fair a prospect of advancement and usefulness.

I need not, then, assure you that I feel highly honored that its Board of Trustees has thought of me for the office of Vice-Chancellor, and I beg that you will present to them my fervent thanks for their favorable consideration. They have, however, been misinformed as to my feelings concerning my present position, and even were they as represented, I could not now resign it with propriety unless I saw it would be for the benefit of the college. I must therefore respectfully decline your proposition, and ask you to accept my grateful thanks for the frank and courteous manner in which it has been tendered, as well as for the considerate measures you proposed to promote my convenience and comfort.

I am, with great respect and highest regard, your friend and
obt. servt.,
R. E. LEE.

Rt. Rev'd. WM. M. GREEN, D.D., Chancellor of University of the South.

Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury was then elected by the Board, and when Commodore Maury declined, the Bishop withdrew his resignation and continued his work. In various parts of the South, in the North and in England, he represented the needs of the University.

A trip made to New Orleans and Galveston in 1870 was in some respects characteristic of the Bishop's appeals and of the breadth of scope of the University as presented by him. In Galveston, the first person who

responded to his appeal was a Hebrew; one of the most active helpers was a Presbyterian, and these two with a Churchman composed a committee to work for The University of the South.

In 1871 the Academic Department was formally organized by the election of five professors. In 1872, the Bishop again resigned the Vice-Chancellorship and General Gorgas was elected to succeed him. General Gorgas was in time succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Telfair Hodgson, and he in turn by the Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Gailor. In 1893 the last named was succeeded by Bishop Quintard's son-in-law, Dr. B. Lawton Wiggins, an alumnus of The University of the South, and the preserver of what his father-in-law had founded.

But the Bishop's interest in the University was not relaxed. Wherever he went he represented the needs of the University as well as those of his Diocese. In 1876, he attended a "matinee" at the London residence of Lord Shrewsbury. Cards of invitation had been issued by the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury and about three hundred guests assembled. The Lord Bishop of Winchester presided at this meeting, which was organized in the interests of The University of the South—not so much to collect money for the University as to make known in England the work the University was doing. The Church in Scotland was represented by the Primus and by the Bishop of Edinburgh; the Irish Church by the Bishop of Derry

and Raphoe and by the Bishop of Moray and Ross. A large number of prominent clergymen were present. Addresses were made by the Bishops, by Lord Shrewsbury, A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P., and others.

In 1887 Bishop Green died and was succeeded in the Chancellorship by Bishop Gregg of Texas. When the latter died in 1893, his logical successor was Bishop Quintard, who, however, felt unfitted for the office by reason of his infirmity of deafness which had come to him in his later years. He accordingly stood aside and favored the election of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dudley, Bishop of Kentucky.

Bishop Quintard had seen buildings of permanent character grow up upon the University domain,—built of Sewanee sand-stone, unsurpassed either in quality or appearance as a building material. He had seen the Theological Department opened in 1878, the Medical Department opened in 1892, and the Law Department in 1893. He had acted as consecrator at the elevation of an alumnus of the University to the Episcopate of Louisiana.* He had consecrated as his own coadjutor one whose life had been closely connected with Sewanee and the University. He had ordained to the priesthood many alumni. He had seen degrees conferred upon many men who were to go out into the world and carry the influence of the noble work the Bishop himself had done so

*Five other alumni have been elevated to the Episcopate since the Bishop's death.

much toward establishing. And in many ways he had seen in the Church University, whose broad foundations had been wisely laid by godly men who inaugurated the enterprise, a visible advance made toward the ideals set for it by its founders and re-founder.

The last Convention at which the Bishop presided, was held in Sewanee in 1897. The Bishop, shortly afterward, went to England to be present at the Lambeth Conference held that year. He returned to Sewanee somewhat refreshed in body and resumed the work of his Diocese. But further rest became necessary and he went to Darien, Georgia, in search thereof. There the end came on the 15th of February, 1898. His body was brought back to Sewanee, lay for a time in the Otey Memorial Church, watched by the clergy and the Sisters of St. Mary, and was thence taken to St. Augustine's Chapel, where the service was said over it by the Bishops in attendance. The University was not in session at the time, but the University town was filled with sorrowing friends, representing the Army of the late Confederate States, the clergy and laity of the Diocese, the House of Bishops, and the alumni of the University. The Co-adjutor Bishop of Tennessee, now Bishop Quintard's successor, committed his body to the ground in the Sewanee cemetery.

A movement was begun soon after the Bishop's death to endow a professorship in the Theological

Department of the University as a memorial of him. Very fittingly, the new Grammar School Dormitory, erected on the University domain in 1901, was named the "Quintard Memorial." But the greatest monument and the most lasting one, to the second Bishop of Tennessee, is and will be the University which he re-founded and did much to build up.

THE END

APPENDIX

The following is a copy of the petition, with signatures attached, of the Rock City Guard, which induced Dr. Quintard to suspend his parochial work in Nashville, and enter the military service of the Confederacy.

We the undersigned members of the "Batallion of Rock City Guard" do hereby respectfully invite the Rev. C. T. Quintard to accompany us throughout the campaign as our friend and spiritual adviser, and we hereby pledge ourselves to sustain him and attend regularly whatever service he may institute, being willing to be guided by him.

F. J. Reamer, C. H. Stockell, John Gee Haily, W. Wills, E. C. Leonhard, John B. Johnson, Robt. Gordon, B. M. Franklin, Nat Hampton, jr., Jno. M. Pearl, Robert Swan, John W. McWhirter, John W. Branch, D. W. Sumner, M. N. Brown, Joseph Freeman, J. C. March, R. J. Howse, Jas. McManus, R. S. Bugg, E. W. Fariss, Douglas Lee, Sam Robinson, F. I. Loiseau, V. L. Benton, Wm. T. Hefferman, James P. Shockly, Wm. Morrow, Berry Morgan, Rowe Foote, R. R. Hightower, H. B. Finn, Joseph A. Carney, D. J. Roberts, J. H. Hough, A. W. Harris, I. M. Cockrill, R. A. Withers, R. W. Gillespie, J. H. Bankston, Harry Ross, R. Darrington, T. J. Gattright, John K. Sloan, B. J. McCarty, L. H. McLemore, A. J. Phillips, W. A. Mayo, R. H. Fiser, James T. Gunn, Wm. A. Ellis, T. H. Atkeison, R. B. Rozell, R. Cheatham, W. N. Johns, J. P. Shane, J. L. Cooke, Geo. A. Diggons, T. O. Harris, Victor Vallette, D. G. Carter, J. W. Thomas, J. Clarke, F. M. Geary, W. B. Ross, Wm. Baxter, J. T. Henderson, John W. Barnes, James P. Kirkman, H. N. Stothart, D. K. Sanford, R. W. Burke, James Carrigan, T. H. Griffin, W. P. Prichard, J. H. Allen, P. Bartola, G. T. Hampton, F. H. Morgan, Wm. R. Elliston, jr., Wm. H. Everett, T. B. Lanier, I. L. Smith, T. C. Lucas, W. P. Wadlington, Jas. W. Nichol, Wm. B. Maney, John A. Murkin, jr., J. Walker Coleman, Jo H. Sewell, G. E. Valette, Geo. M. Mace, Mason Vannoy.

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